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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Memoirs of the Life, Works, and Correspondence of Sir William Temple, Bart. By the Right Hon. T. Peregrine Courtenay. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1836. Longman and Co.

THIS is a valuable historical work, though we doubt that, in the present low condition of our literature, and the excited political state of the country, it may be too cumbrous for that success which, in better and more quiet times, would be likely to attend it. Whatever talent, diligence, and access to the best sources of information could produce on the subject, we naturally expected from the author; nor has he disappointed us. The biography is clear and satisfactory; the views of Sir William Temple's works, critical and judicious; and the extracts and correspondence, generally, various and interesting. "Not only (says Mr. Courtenay) the frequency and the intensity, but the singularity of the commendation bestowed upon him, has induced me to regard, with more minute attention, the life of Sir William Temple. An incorrupt statesman, in the days of Charles the Second; a diplomatist, who rejected deceit and intrigue; a writer, who gave elegance and harmony to the English language, assuredly deserves that his actions should be recorded, and his writings perused. These considerations induced me to become Temple's biographer, even when unaware of the existence of other materials for my undertaking than those which are afforded by his collected works, and the well-known memorials of his time. But, in describing my materials, I now hope to shew, that some further account of Sir William Temple would be requisite, were it only to produce the additional papers which have come into my hands." He proceeds to shew of what these consist, and concludes with *naïveté*:—"Dr. Johnson used to say, that 'no man but a blockhead ever wrote except for money.' This was one of the foolish sayings of the wise man. There is great pleasure in composition, and great in historical research; and very great, assuredly, in literary fame, if either for style or matter one happily obtains it. On the present occasion, however, I beg that it may be understood, especially by him who hesitates whether to buy this work, that I am not one of Johnson's blockheads; and this consciousness greatly augments the anxiety with which, a pamphleteer of forty years, I send my first book into the world."

The following passage, also in the Preface, seems to deserve our and the public notice. In availing himself of the materials afforded to him, our author observes:—"I have met with great difficulty from the dispersed condition of our historical records. Nothing is more common than to find an official letter in the state paper-office, the answer in the British Museum, and the reply in the state paper-office again; or, perhaps, not forthcoming any where. For this, the keepers of the several repositories are in no way blamable; each keeps and communicates his own papers with care and liber-

ality. But it were well worthy of the consideration of the government, whether, at least, all the materials of the history of one period might not be collected into some one place of deposit." We do trust that, not only the examination and classification of all such memorials in every place will be diligently carried on, but that they will finally be arranged in one great national depository, as is here suggested, before many years have added to the irretrievable loss already sustained through ignorance and negligence. When this is done, and men who write histories will take the trouble to consult Rolls, State Papers, and original and contemporary documents, we shall have true annals instead of philosophical or party romances, and the Courtenays of that day need not say, as this Preface does:—

"My converseance with histories has taught me, that not the most honest and veracious of historians is to be depended upon for a matter of fact. It may seem a harsh judgment; but I believe it to be a just one, that when the best of men, in the best of language, makes an avowal for which he gives no authority, there is an equal chance whether it be false or whether it be true; and, if he founds it upon an unnamed document, there is always a high probability that the document will bear another construction. No man can write, from his own knowledge, of that which passed before he was born; he must take his notions from some evidence, or from some authority; and he who conceals from those whom he teaches the grounds of his own belief, may be suspected of caring more for establishing his own views than for the truth of the matter."

Leaving the initiative, however, we must ask our readers to accept from us a few brief specimens of the multifarious topics of which these two thick volumes (together 1056 pages) treat. We can neither follow Sir W. Temple through his personal and family affairs, nor through his negotiations and treaties: of the former we shall give a glimpse by quoting a part of a letter from Miss Osborne, whom, after overcoming many obstacles, he married; and which is a fair example of true love in olden times:—

"If you have ever loved me, do not refuse the last request I shall ever make you. 'Tis to preserve yourself from the violence of your passion. Vent it all upon me; call me and think me what you please; make me, if it be possible, more wretched than I am. I'll bear it all without the least murmur; nay, I deserve it all; for had you never seen me, you had certainly been happy. 'Tis my misfortunes that have that infectious quality as to strike at the same time me and all that's dear to me. I am the most unfortunate woman breathing, but I was never false: no, I call Heaven to witness that if my life could satisfy for the least injury my failure has done you (I cannot say 'twas I that did them you), I would lay it down with greater joy than any person ever received a crown; and if I ever forget what I owe you, or even entertain a thought of kindness for any person besides, may I live a long and miserable

life: 'tis the greatest curse I can invent; if there be a greater, may I feel it. This is all I can say; tell me if it be possible I can do any thing for you, and tell me how I may deserve your pardon for all the trouble I have given you. I would not die without it."

Mr. C. observes:—

"This particular letter is written with death-bed seriousness, but in most of them there is a mixture of gaiety and gravity. Some, which were probably written in the earlier period of the engagement, are altogether lively and amusing; there is in almost all something to please even an indifferent reader: and there is scarcely one in the whole collection, including even those in which prudence predominates over love, which an affectionate admirer might not receive with gladness."

Of public proceedings we shall also quote a brief paragraph which describes Temple's mission to the Bishop of Munster:—

"His journey was full of adventures. He went by Dusseldorf, to Dortmund, through a savage country, over cruel hills, through many great and thick woods, strong and rapid streams, never hardly in any highway, and very few villages.' At Dortmund he found the gates shut, and 'with all his eloquence, which he made as moving as he could, he was not able to prevail to have them opened.' He was obliged to sleep upon straw at a near village, where his page served as a pillow. On reaching a castle belonging to the bishop, he was received with great honour, and instructed 'in the most episcopal way of drinking possible.' The vessel was a bell of silver gilt, of the capacity of two quarts or more. The general who entertained him took out the clapper, and gave it to his guest, filled the bell, and drank off the contents to the king's health, replaced the clapper and turned down the bell, in proof of the accomplishment of the draught. This ceremony went through the company, only Temple drank by deputy. 'The next day, after noon, about a league from Munster, the bishop,' he says, 'met me at the head of four thousand horse, and in appearance brave troops. Before his coach, that drove very fast, came a guard of one hundred Heydukes that he had brought from the last campaign in Hungary: they were in short coats and caps, all of a brown colour, every man carrying a sabre by his side, a short poleaxe before him, and a screwed gun hanging at his back by a leather belt that went across his shoulder. In this posture they run almost at full speed, and in excellent order, and were said to shoot two hundred yards with their screwed gun, and a bullet of the bigness of a large pea, into the breadth of a dollar or crown piece. When the coach came within forty yards of me, it stopped: I saw the bishop and his general, the Prince d'Homberg, come out; upon which I alighted, so as to meet him between my horses and his coach. After compliments, he would have me go into his coach, and sit alone at the back end, reserving the other to himself and his general: I excused it, saying I came without character; but he replied, that his agent had written him

word I brought a commission which styled me *oratore nostrum* (as was true), and that he knew what was due to that style from a great king. I never was nice in taking any honour that was offered to the king's character, and so easily took this; but from it, and a reception so extraordinary, began immediately to make an ill presage of my business, and to think of the Spanish proverb,—

'Quien te hace mas corte que no suelen hacer,
Ote ha d' engañer, ote ha menester.'

["Whoever pays you more court than he is accustomed to pay, either intends to deceive you, or finds you necessary to him."]

The famous triple alliance concluded by Temple between England and Holland, to which Sweden acceded and made the trio, is fully detailed: as are the succeeding negotiations at Aix, at Brussels, and Nimuegue, &c. &c.: but we must look more to miscellaneous extracts—*ex. gr.*—

"Never having heard that Charles II. indulged himself in planning dresses for his subjects, we are unable to give any explanation of what follows:—'His majesty's resolution of a certain habit, by which the nation shall be known, is infinitely applauded by the marquess, and all others here. I should be glad to know from your lordship that it is likely to be as constantly observed as it is wished and honourably resolved.'"

We presume this must have been some uniform for ambassadors and *employés* in foreign countries; and not, as Mr. Courtenay seems to suppose, a dress for subjects generally at home. The annexed is a letter to Lord Arlington touching on literary topics, and is therefore in accordance with our page. (Brussels, 1677.)

"I agree (Sir William writes) very much with your lordship in being very little satisfied with the wit's excuse of employing none upon relations as they do in France; and doubt much it is the same temper and course of thoughts among us that makes us neither act things worth relating, nor relate things worth the relating. Whilst making some of the company laugh and others ridiculous is the game in vogue, I fear we shall hardly succeed at any other, and am sorry our courtiers should content themselves with such victories as those. I would have been glad to have seen Mr. Cowley, before he died, celebrate Captain Douglas's death, who stood and burnt in one of our ships at Chatham when his soldiers left him, because it should never be said a Douglas quitted his post without order: whether it be wise in men to do such actions or not, I am sure it is so in states to honour them; and, if they can, to turn the vein of wits to raise up the esteem of some qualities above the real value, rather than bring every thing to burlesque, which, if it be allowed at all, should only be so to wise men in their closets, and not to wits in their common work and company. But I leave them to be formed by great men's examples and humours, and know very well it is folly for a private man to touch them, which does but bring them like wasps about one's ears. However, I cannot but bewail the transiency of their fame as well as other men's, when I hear Mr. Waller is turned to burlesque among them while he is alive, which never happened to old poets till many years after their death; and though I never knew him enough to adore him, as many have done, and easily believe he may be, as your lordship says, enough out of fashion, yet I am apt to think some of the old cut-work bands were of as fine thread, and as well wrought, as any of our new points; and, at least, that all the wit he and his company

spent in heightening love and friendship, was better employed than what is laid out so prodigally by the modern wits in the mockery of all sorts of religion and government. * *

"While Temple was absent from the Hague, his secretary of embassy, Mr. Meredith, received from secretary Williamson a letter, of which, although Temple has no concern in it, we subjoin an extract as illustrative of the life of a more eminent person—'Jan. 19, 1676-7. His majesty is informed of a pernicious book of that late villain Milton, now about to be printed at Leyden. I am commanded to signify to you, that you immediately apply yourself to find out, by the best means you may, if there be any such; who is the printer; and by what orders he is set on work. There is one Skinner, a young scholar of Cambridge, that some time since did own to have such a thing in his intention; but, being made sensible, as he seemed to be, of the danger he ran into in having a hand in any such thing, he promised ever to lay aside the thoughts of it, and even to give up his copy. I know not whether this may be the same thing, and whether it came from his hand or some other; but you are to use what means possibly you can to find out what there is of it true, to the end timely care may be taken for preventing the thing, by seizing the impression, or otherwise.'"

Mr. Courtenay is conservative; but we have only moderate, and not much political speculation in his work. He exposes and reprobates the disgraceful money-treaty between Charles and Louis, which counteracted and undid all Temple's alliances; and, in some remarks at different periods, he says:—

"Except inasmuch as he was always a stickler for minute regulations of trade, Temple, with a loyal and even devoted attachment to the monarchy, was assuredly a liberal in politics. Some of the suggestions now cited, and others hereafter to be noticed, are such as might have been ascribed to a leaning toward republican institutions. But it is a remarkable circumstance, familiar to those who are acquainted with history, but suppressed by the 'New Whigs,' that the liberal politicians of the seventeenth century, and the greater part of the eighteenth, never extended their liberality to the native Irish, or the professors of the ancient religion. Temple, accordingly, recommends 'an uninterrupted pursuit of the old maxim, to supply all the vacant charges of great importance there, either civil or military, with persons of English birth and breeding. . . . To own and support, on all occasions, that which is truly a loyal English Protestant interest, and to make it as comprehensive as can be, by bringing over to it all that can be gained by just and prudent ways, and not to think of tempering interests any more than of balancing parties in that kingdom. And, lastly, to keep a constant and severe hand in the government of a kingdom composed of three several nations, whose religion and language are different, and consequently the passions and interests contrary to one another; for to think of governing that

* "The further pursuit of the subject of this letter belongs to the biographers of Milton. The Skinner mentioned here is not Cyriack Skinner, of whom there is an account in Bishop C. R. Sumner's Preface to his Translation of Milton's Christian Doctrine; because Cyriack was, in 1676, more than forty years old, and could not be called 'a young scholar of Cambridge.' But possibly that religious treatise was the harmless work of which the too busy ministers of Charles II. were afraid. The bishop's book contains a letter from a Mr. Perwick, at Paris, to the secretary of state's office, dated March 15, 1677; by which it appears that Skinner was followed to the French capital, and the desired communication made to him there, probably with effect, as the manuscript found its way to the state-paper office."

kingdom by a sweet and gentle obliging temper, is to think of putting four wild horses into a coach and driving them without whip or rein. In order to extend the Protestant and English interest, and to counterbalance the greater concentration of the strength of the Scots and Irish, Temple would give privileges to all foreign Protestants, and render the four counties of Wicklow, Kildare, Carlow, and Wexford, exclusively English; with the city of Dublin at one end, 'which ought ever to be kept a chaste English town.' This great object, 'though seeming difficult,' was to be effected by one sanguine speculation, 'by severe laws of plantation with English upon all the new disposed lands, and others, of forbidding any British now in Ireland, upon change of their present abodes, to remove to any other, unless to one of these four counties; or any already there inhabiting, to remove without leaving another British in his seat: by severe exercise of the penal statutes against all priests or friars taken within these four counties, or proved to have been there within a prefixed time: by liberty or injunction to all proprietors to make new leases of their lands, to any British who shall offer them the same rents now paid by the Irish in the said counties: and by liberty given the king to buy any lands of Irish proprietors, within these bounds, at ten years' purchase, which is now the true value of lands in Ireland.' Such were, in 1668, Sir William Temple's views of the fit mode of governing Ireland. They are stated in illustration of the character of the man and of his times, and are left for the consideration of the reader. It is a melancholy truth, that the reflections of English or Irish, Orangemen and Romanists, must, in such a contemplation, be equally painful."

Elsewhere he says, "For eighty years our kings have boasted of their British birth. Our kings and our nobles have harmonised with the people; their several functions have been performed without collision: while arts and arms, trade and literature, have been through the whole period flourishing and progressive. Property has been uniformly secure; and gradual, imperceptible, but solid improvements, have been made in our practical constitution; so that civil and religious freedom has, without new violence, and by the force of the constitution of 1688 alone, been continually and largely augmented. Could the true and patriotic Englishman, whose memoirs we write, have seen England in 1831, he would have been neutral no longer—he would surely have taken part with the constitution of 1688. * * * And what would Sir William Temple have felt if, just at this auspicious moment, he had seen a House of Commons threatening to subvert at once its own constitution, under which the 'Glorious Revolution' had been effected, and its benefits obtained; deluding with this view the people, by the hope of unattainable benefits; proclaiming principles incompatible with that constitution, and inviting the support of all who had been denounced as its enemies; and finally succeeding in their work of destruction, by intimidating the peers who resisted it, and the king who would have left to the peers the voice which the constitution had allowed to them? With what feelings would he have regarded the men who brought into contempt that native affection with which their countrymen regarded the works of their fathers; concentrated that popular spirit, healthful when diffused, poisonous when simple, which had hitherto pervaded the system; and ventured to alter the proportions of that pyramid of

* Wexford.

government, of which the strength and the beauty had been equally admired? Looking back to the weak and bad men with whom he had lived, he would have compared them with the leaders of this House of Commons: and he would have turned in pity and disgust from that mischievous perversion, intermediate between wickedness and folly, before which, if the result be alone considered, the weakness of Russell, and the bitterness of Sidney; the carelessness of Arlington, and the violence of Shaftesbury; the easiness of Danby, and the dishonesty of Clifford; the inconsistency of Halifax, and the recklessness of Buckingham; the bigotry of Nottingham, and the profligacy of Sunderland—would stand in advantageous comparison."

But politics are not for us: let us keep the field of literature and the improving arts and sciences green as long as we can. We now conclude—passing all the author's reviews of Temple's works, his lady's correspondence, his early essays, his instructions, and the treatise he concluded, &c. &c.—with two little stories, in one of which a proser is settled, and in the other a boaster smashed.

"In a voyage of amusement which Temple made in France, the Duke of Chevreuse, who knew him by his works, saw him frequently. They met one morning in the gallery of Versailles, and began to talk about machinery and mechanics. M. de Chevreuse, who knew not how time passed when he argued, kept him so long that the clock struck two. Temple instantly interrupted him, and taking him by the arm, 'I assure you, sir,' he said, 'that of all sorts of machines, I know none so admirable, at this time of day, as a jack, and I shall go as fast as I can to try its effects.' Whereupon he turned his back upon Chevreuse, and left him in astonishment that he could possibly think of dinner."

Sir William Temple and the famous Lord Brouncker, being neighbours in the country, had frequently very sharp contentions: like other great men, one would not bear an equal, and the other would not admit of a superior. My lord was a great admirer of curiosities, and had a very good collection, which Sir William used to undervalue on all occasions, disparaging every thing of his neighbour's, and giving something of his own the preference. This by no means pleased his lordship, who took all opportunities of being revenged. One day, as they were discoursing together of their several rarities, my lord very seriously and gravely replied to him, 'Sir William, say no more of the matter; you must at length yield to me: I having lately got something which it is impossible for you to obtain; for my Welsh steward has sent me a flock of geese; and these are what you can never have, since all your geese are swans.'"

The present publication is, though our notice can only be slight, in every sense a good library book; and will no doubt find its place in every sterling collection of useful books.

Memoirs of the Life of Sir Humphry Davy, Bart. By John Davy, M.D., F.R.S. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1836. Longman and Co.

DR. DAVY, and apparently not without some reason, being much dissatisfied with Dr. Paris's life of his brother, has deemed it expedient to preserve his memory by this work. It is an interesting composition, and does honour to his head, as well as to his heart: to his scientific attainments as well as to his fraternal affections. It is beautiful to observe how families rise in the world, where such affections are cultivated—of which there are many striking instances among our most distinguished ranks at

the present day—and how miserably others, the selfish and sordid, fail when seeking to engross all, and to help none. While the former attain high places, great emoluments, and honours, by mutual assistance; the latter never reach above an individual prudence, which defeats its own poor purposes, both in the insulated being, and the connexions which, if rendered prosperous by timely aid, would have carried the helper, as well as the helped, to superior destinies and enjoyments.

This homily, however, has no application to the name of Davy, which, like that of Wellesley, or Malcolm, derives a lustre from the bonds of friendship and love, which united those who bore it; and even after death it is consoling to witness such a testimony of it as is contained in these grateful volumes.

With regard to Dr. Davy's objections to Dr. Paris, we shall confine ourselves to only one or two points. Dr. Paris, in his *Life*, states, that on

"Her (Lady Davy's) arrival in London, in consequence of a letter she addressed to Mr. Murray, I requested an interview with her Ladyship, from whom I received not only an unqualified permission to become the biographer of her illustrious husband, but also the several documents which are published with acknowledgments in these memoirs. I still felt that Dr. Davy might desire to accomplish the task of recording the scientific services of his distinguished brother; and had that been the case, I should, most undoubtedly, have retired without the least hesitation or reluctance,—but I was assured by those who were best calculated to form an opinion upon this point, for he was himself absent from England, that motives of delicacy, which it was easy to appreciate, would at once lead him to decline an undertaking embarrassed with so many personal considerations."

And on this Dr. Davy remarks:—

"Now, to justify what I have said above respecting Dr. Paris's expressions not according with his conduct, it is necessary for me to state,—first, that I was in England a fortnight after Lady Davy; that I remained in England from November 1829, till the end of March; that I was a great part of that time in London, engaged in editing my brother's last work, which, with all his other MSS., he had bequeathed to me; that Dr. Paris knew I was in England, and met me in society, and yet never made any communication to me relative to the work which he was then contemplating. Secondly; I consider it necessary to state, that, before I came to England, no friends of mine had written to me, or had heard from me respecting my intentions; and that no one, at that time, could, with any propriety, have formed an idea, whether I should consider it advisable or not, to undertake myself the biography of my brother. Indeed, for a considerable time, I was undecided in regard to it. My determination was not formed till after I had examined the documents in my possession,—the various MS. note-books and journals which my brother had left me. As soon as I had made this examination, and perceived the value of these papers, I no longer hesitated,—I felt it an imperative duty to undertake the task; and I accordingly announced this my intention to many of my friends, long before the publication of Dr. Paris's work."

"The nature of Dr. Paris's work confirmed me in my design. There appeared to me much in it that was objectionable, many things which were incorrect, and that the general tone and tendency of it were to lower the character of

my brother in public estimation; not, indeed, as a man of science, and an original inquirer, but as a man and a philosopher; and to deliver his name to posterity with a sullied reputation, charged with faults which he would have indignantly repelled if living, and which it has become my duty, believing the charges to be unfounded, not to allow to pass unrefuted, now he is no more."

"Who shall decide when Doctors disagree?"

It is not easy to tell. That Paris is too facetious for the nearer relatives of the subject of his biography is obvious enough; but he wrote a book for popular reading, and twelve or fifteen hundred pounds are not to be had for nothing. Dr. D. says elsewhere,—

"Another favourable circumstance, though less to be insisted on, was the acquaintance which my brother about the same time formed with Mr. Davies Gilbert (afterwards his successor in the chair of the Royal Society), a man older than himself, with considerable knowledge of science generally, and with the advantages of a university education. The manner in which they became acquainted requires to be mentioned, as it, too, has been misrepresented and placed in a ludicrous point of view by Dr. Paris. It was briefly thus:—My brother, at this time, when prosecuting his chemical inquiries, begged of Mr. John, a gentleman of great respectability, and one of the oldest inhabitants of Penzance (who is my authority), to witness some experiment. He good-naturedly looked at it, remarking, at the same time, that he did not understand these things, but that there was a friend of his who did, and that the experiment should be shewn to him. This was Mr. Gilbert (then Mr. Davies Giddy), to whom Mr. John took an opportunity of introducing my brother. It is not necessary to particularise Dr. Paris's narration of their meeting, written with the same levity and desire to excite a laugh as the one preceding; but I do not consider it right to endeavour to correct the exaggerated manner in which he speaks of my brother's obligations to Mr. Gilbert, which I cannot help thinking must be distressing to Mr. Gilbert himself. The advantages derived from his acquaintance were similar to those experienced from the friendship of Mr. Gregory Watt—such as result from scientific and literary intercourse, which, though mutual, may be differently estimated, according to the feelings of the individuals concerned, and their respective grade in society. More substantial benefits, I believe, Mr. Gilbert never conferred on my brother, except in facilitating the arrangements connected with his first scientific appointment. If his expressions of gratitude were to be taken as the measure of his obligations, it might be supposed that, throughout life, he was under obligations to most of his correspondents. He was always thankful for kindness, which was with him an obligation."

"Sir Walter Scott, about the same time, in conversation with me respecting Dr. Paris's *Life* of my brother, strongly expressed his disapproval of it, as might be expected from his own kindly and generous nature. His manner was stronger than his words, of the dislike he felt towards it; he said, 'I am not pleased with the book, it is not kindly or gentlemanly written.' These, I believe, were his words; so I find them in a note of the conversation which I made immediately after, dated Dec. 7, 1831. I thought it desirable to put on record such a testimony of the highest authority, and right to give it, to counteract Dr. Paris's evil report."

This is enough for the matter in dispute, and we merely add the next extract for the sake of its good-humoured illustration:—

"It is also related by Dr. Paris, that he belonged to a volunteer corps, and that, though he had private lessons from a drill sergeant, he never could emerge from the awkward squad, or learn the platoon exercise. The story is told by Dr. Paris in his usual precise, lively, and comic manner, and the reflection is appended, that 'he whose electric battery was destined to triumph over the animosity of nations, never could be taught to shoulder a musket in his native town.' The reflection reminds me of the answer of an Irishman, given in a journal kept by my brother during one of his tours in Ireland. 'Conversing on the Georgium Sidus, one of the company was asked by another if he was acquainted with astronomy. He replied, 'I dare say I might, had I applied to it, for no one in our village beat me at the manual exercise.' However, the incongruity charged against my brother is unfounded, and entirely imaginary, as he never was in a volunteer corps."

Sir H. Davy contributed so much to the scientific productions of the age in which he lived, by papers, lectures, essays, &c. &c., that it would be misplaced in our *Gazette* were we to attempt to make new selections from them, or even follow his biographer in the description of works which we reviewed at the period of their appearance. Neither shall the poetry contained in these volumes, nor the romance of O'Donoghue (which is rather too long for us, and cannot be compressed), tempt us to dilation. A few paragraphs relating to the last illness of this estimable and interesting man, with whom it was our good fortune to have some friendly and social intercourse, will best satisfy our feelings on the occasion, and, we think, those of our readers.

Dr. Davy had hurried from Malta to meet his dying brother at Rome; and the following particulars are to us exceedingly affecting.

"When I entered Rome, I knew not where to find him; for his address in that city was not sent. I in vain went from one hotel to another, making inquiries, without being able to hear any thing of him. I fortunately recollected that his friend Morichini was a physician, and a resident in Rome. He was easily found; and presently I had a comfortable message from him, that my brother that morning was rather better, accompanied with a direction to his lodging; and in a few minutes I was by his bedside. Never shall I forget the manner in which he received me; the joy that lighted up his pale and emaciated countenance; his cheerful words and extreme kindness; his endeavours to soothe a grief which I had not the power of controlling, on finding him so ill, or rather at hearing him speak as if a dying man who had only a few hours to live, and who wished to use every moment of such precious time. With a most cheerful voice, and a smile on his countenance, and most warm pressure of the hand, he bade me not be grieved, but consider the event as a philosopher. He expressed his pleasure at seeing me so soon, and in having me with him in his last hours, and firmly rejected all expectation and hope of recovery. He said when he experienced the attack, just as he had concluded his *Dialogues*, he was sure his career was run; but, though persuaded of this, he had not rejected medical aid, and had followed the prescriptions of his physicians. Now I had arrived, he was contented; and he began immediately to speak of those things on which he wished to make me

acquainted with his sentiments. * * * He was at the worst on the 31st March. On that day his pulse was amazingly rapid, more than 150 in frequency; and his respirations, at one time, were only five in the minute. He would take no food, and he believed himself dying, as I did also, and often during the day expected that he would breathe his last. Yet, even on that day, he now and then rallied his powers, and his mind recovered its distinctness and clearness, and required amusement. At his request, I read to him about the first half of Mr. Moore's 'Epicurean.' The sad colouring and melancholy sentiment which pervade that elegant little work, with the wildness of some parts of the fiction, and its marvellous subterranean scenery and incidents, pleased him much. At night he would not allow me to remain in his room, not even on a couch, as I had done before. He was sure he should die that night. He took leave of me most tenderly, kissed my cheek, and bade 'God bless me!' His mind was perfectly tranquil, even as much so as on my arrival, but his symptoms were of a very different character; and, witnessing the sudden changes which had taken place during the day, I believed that now indeed I was about to lose him, and that I should never again hear his voice of kindness. During the night, when I went into his room, I had the satisfaction to hear him breathing; and the reports of his servant, who had a bed in his room, when he came to me, were not unfavourable. The following morning, when I went to him and drew back his curtains, he expressed great astonishment at being alive. He said he had gone through the whole process of dying, and that when he awoke he had difficulty in convincing himself that he was in his earthly existence, and that he was under the necessity of making certain experiments to satisfy his mind that he was still in the body; as by raising the hand and intercepting the light, lifting the bedclothes, closing the eyelids, &c. He added, that his being alive was quite miraculous, and he now began to think his recovery not impossible, and that it might be intended by Divine Providence that his life should be prolonged for purposes of usefulness."

In fact, he did rally, and proceeded by easy stages across Italy to Switzerland. At Geneva (May 28), "Here he learnt the death of his old friend Dr. Thomas Young, as I have elsewhere observed." I was not present when Lady Davy made the communication to him; but when I returned I saw him affected, and he told me how deeply he had been affected by it, even to profusion of tears, and in a manner that was almost unaccountable. In a short time he recovered his composure, and conversed on indifferent matters. At five o'clock he dined at table, and made a tolerable dinner. After dinner he was read to, according to his custom. At nine o'clock he prepared to go to bed. In undressing, he struck his elbow against the projecting arm of the sofa on which he sat. The effect was very extraordinary: he was suddenly seized with a universal tremor; he experienced an intense pain in the part struck, and a sensation, he said, as if he were dying.

* "My brother, in his sketches of the characters of his distinguished contemporaries, thus notices Dr. Young:—'I must not pass by Dr. Young, called Phenomenon Young at Cambridge; a man of universal erudition, and almost universal accomplishments. Had he limited himself to any one department of knowledge, he must have been first in that department. But as a mathematician, a scholar, a hieroglyphist, he was eminent; and he knew so much, that it was difficult to say what he did not know. He was a most amiable and good-tempered man; too fond, perhaps, of the society of persons of rank for a true philosopher.'"

He was got into bed as soon as possible. The painful sensations quickly subsided, and in a few minutes were entirely gone. There was no mark of hurt on the elbow, no pain nor remaining tenderness; and the effect of the blow perplexed him no less than it did me. A slight feverish feeling followed, which he thought little of; he took an anodyne draught of the acetate of morphia, and then desired to be read to, that his mind might be composed to sleep by agreeable images. About half-past nine he wished to be left alone, and I took my leave of him for the night, and for ever on earth. His servant, who always slept in his room, called me about half-past two, saying he was taken very ill. I went to him immediately. He was then in a state of insensibility, his respiration extremely slow and convulsive, and the pulse imperceptible. He was dying; and in a few minutes he expired. I thank God, I was present to close his eyes! In death his countenance was composed, and of its mildest expression, indicative of no pain or suffering in the separation of the immortal from the mortal part. The fatal moment was about three A.M., on the 29th of May. * *

"It was (adds his brother, after describing the funeral, tomb, &c.) my wish to have had the exact nature of his complaint and the cause of his death investigated by an anatomical examination. But this was contrary to his desire, and to a promise which I had made him at Rome. He had a dread of *post mortem* examination, founded on an idea which occurred to his active mind, that it was possible for sensation to remain in the animal fibre after the loss of irritability and the power of giving proof to others of its existence. Consequently, such an investigation not having been made, his disease, as to its exact kind and the immediate cause of his death, must ever remain doubtful."

In conclusion, we shall quote a specimen of Davy's imaginativeness. He who was playful as a schoolboy in the society he liked, and indefatigable as Aristotle in the depth of his researches, had much of the poet in his composition, and was a splendid mixture of the utilitarian and enthusiast. The following account of two dreams, the first called "a day-dream," is from his note-book.

"Rome, Nov. 9, 1819.—One moonlight night, when the summer seemed to pass into the autumn, and the zephyr blew as mildly as in June, I was walking in the Colosseum, full of sublime thoughts, considering the loss of the Greek and Roman superstition, and comparing it with the beadsman's worship in the midst of this sublime pile of ruins; when of a sudden I saw a bright mist in one of the arcades, so luminous that I thought a person must be advancing with a light. I approached towards it, when suddenly it enveloped me; an aromatic smell, like that of fresh orange-flowers, seemed to penetrate not only into my nostrils, but even into my respiratory organs, accompanied with sweet sounds, so low that they seemed almost ideal; and a sort of halo, of intense brilliancy, and of all the hues of the rainbow, above which appeared a female form of exquisite beauty. I was not alarmed, but rather delighted, at the new kind of ideal or sensual existence I experienced, when a voice, distinct, but like that of a flute, said, 'I am one of the Roman deities! You disbelieve all the ancient opinions, as dreams and fables; nevertheless, they are founded in truth. Before the existence of man, and some time after, a race of beings who are independent of respiration and air occasionally dwelt on the globe—the people of that assemblage of stars

called the milky way; but now your atmosphere is so gross, we do not often visit you. We find the same difficulty in moving in your air, that a bird experiences in attempting to use its wings in water. Our organised matter is infinitely more subtle than yours: when your planet was warmer, we occasionally dwelt with you. We have the power of arranging vapours and mists, and the matter that refracts light, so as to assume almost any form we like; and we purify the common elements for our purposes. In the early stage of society we condescended to instruct man, a rude and gross race, and give them some of our knowledge. A day is sufficient for us to learn your language. I have acquired it in hearing three or four of your countrymen converse, and in reading one of your books. I am the most corporeal of all those beings; and an expenditure of common matter, in a light which I made from Sirius to a star you call Alpha Lyra, induced me to pay a visit to the earth for the purpose of recruiting myself. The last time I was here — Here the MS. terminates abruptly; and then immediately follows a notice of the other dream. He says, 'I had, on the 7th April, 1821, a very curious dream, which, because it has some analogy to the preceding *day-dream*, I shall detail: In the first part of the night my dreams were rather disagreeable, as well as I can recollect. It must have been considerably after midnight, when I imagined myself in a place partially illuminated with a reddish hazy light; within it was dark and obscure; but without, and opening upon the sky, very bright. I experienced a new kind of sensation, which it is impossible to describe. It seemed as if I became diffused in the atmosphere, and had a general sense of balmy warmth. Floating a little while in the atmosphere, I found that I had wings. Slowly, and with some difficulty, I rose in the air; and gradually ascending above the cave or recess in which was the red light, I found myself in the sky, amidst bright clouds and galaxies of light. It seemed as if I was altogether entering a new state of existence. I, for some time, reposed upon the highest of these galaxies, and saw, as it were, the immensity of space — systems of suns and worlds, forming a sort of abyss of light, into which I seemed doubtful whether I should plunge. At this moment I seemed in communication with some intelligent being, to whom I stated, that I had always been of opinion that the spirit is eternal, and in a state of progression from one existence to another more perfect; that I had just left a world where all was dark, cold, gross, and heavy; that I now knew what it was to have a purer and better existence, but that I hoped for something still more perfect; that I was now in natural warmth, light, and ether; and that I hoped to be, ultimately, in a world of intellectual light, where the causes of all things would be developed, and where the sources of pleasure would be unbounded knowledge. After this my dream became confused; my fields of light changed to a sort of luminous wood filled with paths, and the bright vision degenerated into a common dream.'

Captain Chamier's Ben Brace.

[Second and concluding notice.]

We must redeem our promise to *Ben Brace*, and the more speedily and especially because *Ben* himself never broke his word in his life, and, consequently, does not deserve to have an editor's word broken towards him. The execution of *Tackle*, in the second volume, is a piece of dark and melancholy colour, but the circumstances are related with striking effect. A

sailor's marriage is much more agreeable to our taste, and infinitely more amusing than the being tied up the other way; and, though it is too long for extract, we must try to separate a few bits from the Mosaic mass.

'We are curious chaps we sailors, in regard to marriages, and many's the one I have seen. When your great lords and gentlemen get spliced, they make signals from the hats of their servants, so that all the world may know of the event. And we do something like that; for if a fore-topman gets spliced, we hang some ribband from the topmast stay; if a gunner, from the main stay; and then we sit down and *stay* long enough over our grog to make us forget ourselves. So we only do at the beginning what others wish to do after they are spliced. I remember old Tom telling me of his marriage, but I'm blessed if I don't think Tom had as many wives as the Grand Turk; and if the Turk got rid of them by sending them adrift on the sea, Tom went the other way to work, for he went adrift himself; and, as he used to say, 'he shewed his colours and parted company.' He told me the following yarn, which I clap in here out of its place just because it pleases me. 'It was after the battle of Trafalgar,' Tom began, 'when we met, as will be seen hereafter, and when I had lowered my topsails and anchored for life: I had got my limbs according to the description book, and when the fleet arrived at Spithead, for I belonged to the Royal Sovereign, I had liberty to go on shore for three days. The girls were all for the sailors then: a soldier might have stumped about his regulation step, or stood upon one leg performing the goose-step, like a flamingo in South America,—he might have capered about the Point in his white breeches and leggins, his fine-weather tufts and tails, until he danced the coat off his back, before any one of the craft would have looked at him. Of course, when we got on shore the first thing we did was to steer to the back of the Point, and make up the lee-way of our spirit-room. It is all right enough having an allowance on board ship, but it never does on shore. To tell a man not to get drunk, is like saying to a drowning man, 'Don't drink salt-water.' There we were just as happy as lords—we drank like fishes to the glory of the Victory; and as long as we could keep our mouths above water we drank, and cheered, and sang, until we began to dance to the penn'orth of tune old Catgut was pleased to play. Well, we had lots of women in company, and amongst these was one Betsy Matson, a round, plump-looking, rosy-faced girl, who had always a smile upon her face, and shewed, when her little red lips were opened, as white a set of head-rails as any ship in the navy. Directly I saw her I felt my heart somehow sicken;—it was just as unpleasant a feeling as the first cut of the cat. I nearly turned sick, and was struck all of a heap. 'Ma'am,' said I, 'will you dance a step with me?' 'Yes, surely,' she answered, and up we stood for a step. I steered rather wild, for every now and then, as we were navigating in and out in the reel, I ran foul of my partner; she always smiled so good-naturedly, that when we had finished I thought it was all proper to shew my fondness; so I just put my arm round her waist and I gave her a kiss, when a decent-looking chap of a soldier gave me another kind of slap, and, 'Sailor,' said he, 'not so free till better acquainted; I love that young woman, and neither you nor any other man shall kiss her.' It was side out for a bend in a moment; and, as it was only one sodger amongst about forty Trafalgar men, of course we gave him fair play

—one or two of our lads stood by him. We ordered in a pot of porter for both of us; and, as I passed Betsy, and saw her piping her eye, said she, 'I love you both; I have known the young soldier these two years, but I am all for Trafalgar lads at my heart.' 'Well, ma'am,' said I, 'it's a stand-up fight for a good prize—my hand is yours; I love you from the bottom of my heart, Betsy.' So I hitched up my trousers, stretched out my legs, gave her a squint of the eye and a squeeze of the hand, and, says I, 'It's not Tom Toprail, who has been hammering away with two-and-thirty pounders at four ships at once (for you know, Ben, we had four on the Sovereign at one time), who is a-going to strike his flag or douse his colours to any such herring-looking fellow, although he is made up of heelball and pipe-clay.' I must say this for the soldier, he was a civil chap, and stripped like a good one. He was not put together as I was, Ben, all ribs and tucks like a tinker's donkey, but he was made up of legs and arms like a superannuated spider. If I could only get alongside of him, it was the value of the admiral's gold-laced hat and epaulettes to a waister's stockings that I won the day without much trouble; but then, again, considering I saw double, and might hit at the wrong figure, some people might fancy the soldier, young and raw as he was. I shook hands with him before I began, and told him I rather liked him, but that this was an affair of love, and the sooner we settled who liked her most, the more respectful it would be for both of us. At this time the landlord, who was quite astonished at our silence, came in and offered to settle the business without the fight. He said he would make us both dead drunk and take the girl himself; but no sooner had he proposed this than his wife flew at him like a bulldog, clawed his face and tore his jacket, so we lent a hand to send him back to his bar, having had his claret tapped in the room. This being done, there was a call for the soldier, and he, casting a sheep's-eye at Betsy, and pumping up all his wind to make a sigh, made himself up to stand fire just as if he was standing at attention. Bill Jones and some more of the Sovereign's stood by me; Tom Walker and three other chaps from the Temeraire lent a hand to the soldier. I made all sail at him in a jiffy, and I should have run him aboard if the liquor had not puzzled my eyes: I tripped up over a part of the boards, and I went at him head foremost, bobbing about like a jolly-boat in a cross tide. I don't know if so be the soldier had ever been at Malta, and seen those half-and-half Africans puzzle the bulls, but he did just what they do; he waited until I was within hail and then stepped on one side. I had good way upon me, and ran end on to the store-room bulkhead; down went a whole barrow-load of pewter-pots and glasses, and the landlord's wife and daughter set up as great a row as a hundred sea-gulls after a piece of pork. Thank God, Ben, I'm no soft-headed fellow like a child six months old, not I; no black chap in Jamaica ever had a thicker head, and all the mischief I got from my bad steerage was being brought up all standing, and having as many stars dancing before my eyes as would have served to navigate the Spanish fleet. Well, the soldier, who was sober, would not take any advantage of my lubberly conduct, but when I fell down as I did he was the first to pick me up and pass me over to my own side. The Temeraires gave three cheers, and the Sovereigns all off coats in a moment: the women, for we had plenty of them, took the side on which their fancy men were standing, and we had

about as pretty a blow-up as ever was seen at a fair in Paddy's land. I don't much remember how it all finished, but I recollect the next morning rousing up from the straw in a cold place they call the lock-up. I had plenty of company—all hands but two had been pressed by these peace-officers, and about eleven o'clock we all toed a line in front of the justice."

The examination is humorously told, and so are all the other truly sailor-like particulars of a seaman's wedding to a Gosport Fortune; we can, however, only find room for the concluding traits.

"Well, we mustered all hands of us by eight o'clock; and I'll tell you how we set about it: never was there such a lark at Portsmouth since the first day sailors were made. Bill and I, and some more, were all new-rigged, from the mast-head downwards: and Betsy looked a regular sailor's wife, when she turned out, spick and span. It was not right for chaps such as we, belonging to the Sovereign, to be married like a parcel of soldiers, who march to church with their side-arms and stand all attention before the parson. It is all well enough for them to toddle on foot; but I was not a-going to smuggle tobacco after that fashion. So, first of all, I mustered my shipmates, and then set about the order of sailing. We were twelve belonging to the Sovereign, and Betsy had six belonging to her, to sail in her wake. They were all dressed alike, but Betsy was worth them all. We were to be spliced at ten, and we had only two hours to get the convoy together. I felt my pockets—my money was safe; and I was up to the mark to do the thing like a good 'un. So I ordered all the coaches I could find. I got together six decent-looking articles, and we clapped our colours at the mast-head of the coachman. Some one said, they ought to be white; and I think it was old Drinkhard the landlord: but Bill, who had just taken a glass to the success of the day, shoved his fist in the old fellow's mouth; and, says he, 'White! why, you fool, do you think we are a-going to shew a flag of truce to the parson? No, no; blue's our colour; and if we go all fair and above-board, that's only what we ought to do: so up with the blue at the main;—and we shoved large cockades into the hats, and made the horse-whippers shew another from the breastwork of their button-holes. Of course, bringing all the vehicles together in this manner made a bit of a stir amongst the folks about the Point; and they had time enough to reconnoitre our force; for when we got the carriages in line, as we intended to start, we hove about for a good swig to the honour of the bride; and, in order to keep up the hearts of the women, we made them hoist in enough to fill their spirit-rooms. Well, time went on, and a quarter to ten came. 'Now,' says Bill, 'heave and a weigh, my lads; and come, stick on the colours, and hurrah aloft!' So up I jumped, and handed Betsy into the cabin of the coach with three more of her tribe, whilst I and Bill got on the quarter-deck. 'Heave and haul,' said Watson. 'I'm not going in this jolly-boat on wheels! I'll ride a horse, and keep a look-out a-head of the squadron; and what's more, I've one a-coming, and here it is, so avast heaving a minute. Let's hang the colours to the flag-staff forward;' and he claps a bunch of blue ribands round the ears of the animal, jamming it into the ears, and saying, 'There, my boys; there's no mistake here; for, as I make sail, they'll see the colours even out of the hawse-holes! Jump up, youngster,' said Watson, 'behind me; and

now I'm off.' And off he was, sure enough; for he gave himself too much heel to starboard, and fell on the other side. We soon righted him, however, and he started ahead."

"Well, we were all ranged one alongside of each other round some rail-work, inside of which stood the parson; and he soon began to read something, which none of us seemed to understand, until he looked me full in the face with one eye, and said he, 'Will you have this woman to thy wedded wife?' Now the parson squinted a bit with the other, and I thought his eye, which was looking towards his starboard ear, was upon Moll Davis; and as I understood the words to mean, whether I would take Moll Davis to my wedded wife, and thought that this was a kind of making peace after the war, I answered, 'Certainly not, sir; she's abused her shamefully, and when this is over she may box her trotters where she likes.' Bill cut in, and, said he, 'I think Tom is right; for she had no business to sing what she did.' And Betsy said, 'No, your reverence; she shan't come to me.' The clerk began to say something; but Bill soon stopped him by saying, 'Avast heaving, young man! hadn't you better take a reef in your jawing-tacks, and double your distance?' The clergyman explained what it meant, and he asked me again: 'Certainly, sir,' said I; 'I come here for that same purpose.' 'You must say,' said the clerk, 'I will.' 'Certainly!' said I. 'That won't do,' continued the devil-dodger; 'you must say only, I will.' 'I will,' says I; 'and now I hope you are satisfied.' We got through the business in about a quarter of an hour; and we were then taken into a room to sign our names. Well, I never could write, for I never had no education like; so I clapped a cross, such as we make to the paper about the prize-agents. Well, Betsy could not write, so she stuck another. Then they told Bill he must witness it, and he couldn't write either: and then Moll Davis made her mark, which was a large black blot on the book; for she was then all nohow, and dabbed down the pen, and then shoved it athwart the clerk's muzzle."

"All Portsmouth turned out to see us. There was Watson touching up his horse over the taffrail, and it kicked up behind high enough to have lifted the spanker-boom from the crutch; and went on worse than ever. I roared out for him to pass within hail, but the animal would not answer its helm at all; but, slewing round like a boat in an eddy, it made a start on one side, and in went Dick Watson into a gentleman's breakfast parlour: whilst away went the horse, tossing up its head and tail, and kicking and flinging in all directions: this cleared the passage for the squadron, and on we went through the crowd. Whenever the boys cheered, I stood up and returned the salute with an equal number of guns. Slap we went through one street, down another; round one corner, then another; Bill and I on the top of the coach, standing on the roof and cheering. Old Scrapehard was fiddling like a good one; the youngest, with his hat held up over his head, was standing on one leg like a flamingo, and slewing about like a dog-vane in a calm; whilst the women had got their heads out of the windows, and made more row than the devil in a gale of wind. At last the horses were near coming to an anchor without our ranging the cables; they were bitted already; so we drove down to the Point, took the brides in, and got our crew and passengers all safe. Then it was that we got to work with the knives and forks; and we played a rare stick

at eating. We stuck at it, dancing and smoking until ten o'clock at night, when all hands were as drunk as owls; and I had given Betsy nearly all my money to take care of, which she did right well, for I never could get a farthing back again. So ended my marriage; and it was a real sailor's marriage, got up in a moment, and it lasted nearly as long. We got on well enough the next day: but on Sunday morning we all returned to our ships; and I told the first-lieutenant that I had got spliced, and asked to have Betsy aboard. The ship was going round to the River the next day, so I couldn't get leave either to go to her, or she to come to me. I thought, to be sure, she might as well have tried to have got alongside; but I never got a glance of her eye from the morning of our mustering on board until now. I got one of the purser's steward's lads, who could handle a pen without making a cross, and I wrote her this letter:—'Dearest Betsy,—Why don't you come alongside in the bum-boat? I have been standing in the starboard fore-chains from one till four bells, overhauling the craft which came within hail. Come, that's a good girl! up stick and make sail! If I can satisfy a word with you under the bows, I'm satisfied.' Well, what do you think she writes to me, or gets somebody else to write to me?—'Old Tom,—I know you are ship-bound, church-bound, and poverty-struck; you belong to no parish but Port Sea, and you may whistle for good luck and for Betsy Matson.' It ran right into my heart, and gave me the hiccups for a fortnight; and I never was all right in the head until I heard she had married the soldier under another name, and that I had saved my allotment."

Sketches by Box, illustrative of every day life and every day people. 2 vols. Illustrations by George Cruikshank. (London. Macrone.)

"THE scenes of many-coloured life he drew."

may be fairly applied to the present essayist, who displays not only humour and feeling, but a genuine acquaintance with his subjects, in these numerous sketches of common life. The author has traced his characters, their occupations, their pursuits, and their pleasures, with much talent and apparent fidelity; and those who wish to have a peep into pawnbrokers' shops, dancing academies, private theatres, gin-shops, marine stores, marine excursions, and similar resorts and occupations of the middling and lower orders, will find them cleverly and amusingly described in these pages. We would quote a specimen, but believe they are almost all already familiar to the readers of periodicals, being now only collected, and improved in effect by the concordant pencil of George Cruikshank.

Selections from the Evidence received by the Irish Poor Inquiry Commissioners. 8vo. Pp. 430. Dublin, Milliken; London, Fellowes.

First Annual Report of the Poor Law Commissioners for England and Wales. 8vo. Pp. 406. London.

THE last of these volumes proceeds from his Majesty's stationery office; and the first is published "by authority." Both are of great national importance, and deep interest to humanity; and we regret that the wide extent and manifold ramifications of the subject preclude us from the attempt to discuss it. Our simple opinion is, that our systems, past and present, are far too legal, and far too little parental. The poor are the children of the state;

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the rich have no right to one enjoyment till the starving are supplied with food, the naked with clothing, the cold with fuel, the houseless with a covering. We are aware how beset with difficulties all legislation is on this momentous question, but we do think that,—with an arrangement into small divisions, where every person and circumstance could and would be known, the supervision of benevolent feeling, the allotment of land, the finding of labour, and the stimulus to industry and good conduct, by causing them to produce their own reward,—the numbers of the miserable might be greatly reduced, and many a humble home made happy, instead of crowding work-houses by the disruption of all the best and finest ties of nature. Delinquency and idleness would still be punished, but affliction and helplessness would not share the cruel visitation.

MISCELLANEOUS.

1. *The Spirit of the Monarchy*, by W. Hazlitt. *The Moral Effects of Aristocracy*, by W. Godwin. 2. *An Address on the Necessity of an Extension of Moral and Political Instruction among the Working Classes*, by the late R. Dettosier. (London, Wakelin.)—A twopenny and a threepenny sign of the times. The first consists of extracts from Hazlitt and Godwin, hostile to the constitution in which a monarchy and peerage are essential component parts; the latter insists on a principle in the expediency and justice of which every man must agree, while every party differs as to what are the moral and political instructions which ought to be diffused among the working and lower classes. One says teach them the Bible; another says teach them Benthamism; one, one thing, and another, another. Mr. Dettosier rather inclines to Tom Paine.

Reading and Writing, &c. by Donald Walker. Pp. 308. (London, Hurst.)—Mr. Walker is a sensible elementary teacher of the young; and this is a meritorious spelling-book and guide for early tuition.

Cherrie's First Step to French. (London, Wilson.)—Very fair first step; and we all know that it is the first step which tells.

Study of English Poetry, &c. &c. by A. Spier. 12mo. pp. 56. (London, Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.)—This volume, evidently printed abroad, is by the "English Professor at the Royal School of Ponts-et-Chaussées," (strange mixture of French and English!) at Paris. It contains a treatise, not without merit, on English versification; and an interesting selection from our best poets from the 13th century to the present date, from Robert le Brunne to Hemans and Landou.

The Adventures of Sir Fizzle Pumpkin: Nights at Mess, and other Tales; with Illustrations by George Cruikshank. 12mo. pp. 421. (Edinburgh, Blackwoods; London, Cadell.)—The *Nights at Mess* have been for many months most lively and entertaining apparitions in *Blackwood's Magazine*; and now that they are enveloped, and some of their scenes realised by the pencil of G. Cruikshank, we can recommend nothing more amusing to the desultory reader. The tales are perfect of their kind, and must often, even in the most apathetic, provoke "laughter, holding both his sides."

Remains of the late Rev. C. Wolfe, A.B. Curate of Donoughmore, with a Brief Memoir of his Life, by the Rev. John A. Russell, M.A. Pp. 398. (London, Hamilton, Adams, and Co.)—This is a sixth edition of the scanty poetical remains of the author of the exquisite lines on the burial of Sir John Moore, and of his sermons as curate of Donoughmore; and of the volume we need only say that it affords us much gratification to see the relics of a fine and pure mind so justly appreciated by the public.

The British Colonial Library: History of Upper and Lower Canada, by J. M. Martin, F.R.S. 12mo. pp. 337. (London, Mortimer.)—A very desirable reprint, in a more popular form, of Mr. Martin's *History of the British Colonies*. The original is stated, and we believe it, to have been very carefully revised and corrected; a fact which must render a production, so deserving without that pains-taking, still more worthy of extended public patronage.

The Life and Voyages of Capt. Cook, &c. &c. by the Rev. G. Young, A.M. 12mo. pp. 405. (London, Whitakers; Edinburgh, Oliphant; Glasgow, McLeod.)—A cheap reprint of one of the most interesting nautical works in the English or any other language. Mr. Young has not, however, been content with reprinting Kipling; he has collected much collateral and later information, and thus thrown much additional light upon the subjects of these famous voyages.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

SIR JOHN BARROW in the chair.—There was read a communication, by Dr. Richardson, on a proposed route for another arctic expedition. The author in the outset well observes, that

the search after a north-west passage, though often relinquished when the want of success had depressed the public hope, has been as often resumed, after an interval, with fresh ardour; and, as every one who has carefully and dispassionately examined the records of past voyages must be convinced that a water communication between the two oceans does exist on the north coast of America, so it is no presumption to affirm that the search will not be finally relinquished until it is crowned with success. The lead which England has taken in this enterprise has furnished her with one of the brightest gems in her naval crown. It is to the reign of a naval king especially that the glory of completing the enterprises which have been so far advanced should belong, and this can be most easily done while officers trained up to such services are still in the vigour of life. The countries surveyed by Sir John Franklin's and Captain Back's expeditions, are rich in minerals; inexhaustible coal-fields skirt the Rocky Mountains through twelve degrees of latitude—beds of coal crop to the surface on various parts of the arctic coast—veins of lead ore traverse the rocks of Coronation Gulf—whales abound off Cape Bathurst; and, in short, even a cursory perusal of Sir John Franklin's narrative will convince the reader that, in the above brief summary, the natural advantages of the country whose boundaries are to be explored have been greatly underrated. Dr. Richardson then proceeds to the main subject of his communication, viz. a detail of a plan for the execution of the project. A reference to the admiralty circumpolar chart will shew at once what has been effected by preceding expeditions, and what remains to be done. The breadth of the American continent, between the entrance to Hudson's Straits and Cape Prince of Wales, comprises, in round numbers, one hundred and three degrees of longitude, of which ten remain unknown, between Captain James Ross's furthest and Sir John Franklin's Point Turn-again; there are about six between the latter officer's most westerly point and Captain Beechey's greatest advance from Behring's Straits; and the unexplored space between the strait of James Ross and Back's Sea, being twenty-two miles, is rather more than one degree of longitude in that parallel. The extent of coast remaining unexplored is therefore small when compared with that which has been already delineated. In one season Sir Edward Parry sailed through 31 degrees of longitude due west from the entrance of Lancaster Sound; and on Sir John Franklin's second expedition the coast was laid down for 36 degrees on a more southerly parallel, within less than six weeks, by boat navigation. The author goes on to propose a survey of the coast to the westward of the Mackenzie, and, secondly, that to the eastward of Point Turn-again; both these can be effectually performed by an expedition, having its winter-quarters at the eastern end of Great Bear Lake. The party ought to consist of not more than two officers, and of sixteen marines, or sappers and miners, accustomed to the oar, and who have been brought up as joiners, sawyers, boat-builders, wheelwrights, or blacksmiths; men having these qualifications belong to the above-mentioned corps, and would at once volunteer for such a service. It would also be necessary to engage, for the inland navigation, bowmen and steersmen acquainted with the northern rivers, and two Canadian or Orkney fishermen; previous notice having been dispatched from England in March to the fur countries, to provide a certain supply of pem-

mican and other necessaries on the route, and to make arrangements with Indian hunters. The expedition should sail in the annual Hudson's Bay ship, which leaves the Thames in the beginning of June, being provided with two boats constructed of white cedar for lightness. It will reach York Factory in August, and, if early in that month, will experience no great difficulty in arriving at the Athabascow, or, under almost any circumstances, at the Isle à la Crosse, before the rivers are closed. Dr. Richardson then enters into some minute details, and proposes that the stores should be brought up in one of the company's barges to the east end of Great Bear Lake, where the winter residence might be taken up until the return of the exploring party, which would be before the end of September. There would still be a sufficient period of open water to admit of the boats being sent up Druses river, and down a small stream which falls into the Coppermine, together with pemmican for next year's voyage—properly secured from wet in tin cases. The expedition should be on the banks of the Coppermine in June, so as to descend that river when it is swelled by the floods of melting snow; the rapids could be safely passed at that period, and the sea reached easily in a single day. The distance between the Coppermine river and Captain James Ross's furthest is not so great by one quarter as that between the Mackenzie and Coppermine, which was surveyed in one month. In this brief sketch of Dr. Richardson's paper we have only noticed the principal points to be attended to. No time, he adds, can be more auspicious than the present for this undertaking; and he expresses a trust that the learned secretary of the admiralty will exert his influence in procuring the adoption either of this plan, or of a more efficient one; and thus provide for the completion of an enterprise which, under his fostering care, has made greater progress in a few years than it had done for previous centuries.

Sir John Barrow, after expressing his approbation of Dr. Richardson's paper, stated that he had no doubt the government would countenance and aid a well-matured plan, emanating from the Geographical Society, for carrying the contemplated object into effect. Sir John Franklin also warmly eulogised the plan recommended by Dr. Richardson, and, in the absence of younger or abler officers, proffered his services to conduct the expedition.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

TUESDAY, Feb. 9th. Dr. Roget in the chair.—Mr. Rofe, jun., on the manufacture and uses of *papier-maché*. This material, it appears, is of considerable antiquity; its application in the beginning was, of course, limited; now, however, it is employed in the construction of an almost endless variety of articles for ornament and use. There are two kinds; one—used chiefly for architectural ornaments and decorations of rooms—made of paper reduced to a pulp, and pressed in the proper moulds. The other, which is of more extensive application, and of which are made trays, bottle-stands, snuff-boxes, &c. is composed of numerous layers of thick coarse paper pasted together, and afterwards beautifully varnished and polished. The following circumstance was mentioned in the course of the lecture, and is an instance of the truth of the remark that nothing is without its use. A large quantity of the refuse of spun silk is annually imported to this country from France, from which a strong thread is produced, used in the manufacture of some kinds of shawls. The refuse, again, left from

this manufacture is applied to the production of the best *papier-maché*. Mr. Rofe made his subject very interesting, and illustrated it by a great number of elegant specimens.

ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

JAN. 25. Rev. F. W. Hope, President, in the chair.—The minutes of the last meeting were read, in which the appointment of the council and officers for the ensuing year was proposed; and which, upon ballot, was adopted at the present meeting, which was the second anniversary meeting of the Society. A vote of thanks was passed to Mr. Le Keux, for his discovery of the preparatory stages of the turnip-fly (*Haltica*); and it was announced that the subject of the prize essays, which had been selected by the council, was the cocoon of the pine-apple; such essays to be accompanied by testimonials of the success of the remedies proposed by the writers.

Feb. 1.—Numerous donations of books and insects were announced; and thanks ordered to be returned for the same. A letter was read from M. Schonherr of Stockholm. The president exhibited a nest of the white ant (*Termes*), being the first brought in an entire state to this country. Various other exhibitions of insects, and of insect ravages, were made by different members, including several spherical case-fuzes from Barbadoes, completely destroyed by the wood-ant. And the following memoirs were read:—Monograph upon the hemipterous genus *Myocoris*, by Dr. Hermann Burmeister of Berlin. Notice of the mode of proceeding adopted by the larvae of *Sirex juvenens* in burrowing through fir-trees, by Dr. W. Sells. Description of a larva of *Blaps mortisaga*, or churchyard beetle, stated to have been voided by a child three months old, by H. H. Haldy, Esq. Description of a new genus of dipterous insects from New South Wales, by J. O. Westwood, F.L.S. On the habits of the turnip-fly, illustrated by experiments, by T. S. Notice of the capture of a locust (*Locusta migratoria*), near Ardmore, in Ireland, in September last, by Miss M. Ball of Youghall. Members were elected, and certificates in favour of twelve candidates read.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

FEBRUARY 3d, Mr. Lyell, president, in the chair.—A memoir was read by Mr. Murchison, on the gravel and other ancient detritus of the eastern and southern counties of Wales, and the border counties of England. The detritus of Herefordshire, the southern part of Shropshire, and the Welsh counties, is of local origin, the whole of its materials being referable to the formations of which the districts consist; and Mr. Murchison shewed that the transporting currents were set in motion also by local causes, connected, apparently, with the elevation of the mountain ranges; for, wherever the ranges have a north-east and south-west direction, the lines of drift have been from north-west to south-east, and a change in the direction of the hills is always accompanied by a change in the line of drift. These deposits, the author considers, were accumulated before the last elevation of the land, and while certain portions of the neighbouring low country were under the sea. He afterwards pointed out changes which occurred either during the last elevation of that part of the kingdom, or which have taken place since, by the drainage or the filling up of lakes and marshy tracts. The second part of the memoir gave an account of the detritus spread over considerable portions of Lancashire, Cheshire,

and the north of Shropshire, and distinguished by containing large blocks of granite, porphyry, and greenstone, not referable to any rock *in situ*, in those counties, but which have been traced to the mountains of Cumberland. These blocks rest partly on the surface, and are partly imbedded in vast accumulations of mud, sand, and gravel, apparently derived, in great measure, from the adjacent formations. They are found at various heights, and are very numerous on the northern flank of the Wrekin, and of the Haughmond Hills, as well as on the high land between Wolverhampton and Bridgenorth; but to the south of this district they decrease in size and number, and in Worcestershire are represented by only coarse gravel composed of the same materials. In the neighbourhood of Shrewsbury, this boulder, or northern drift, rests upon the Welsh drift, and is, therefore, of posterior origin. At various points in Lancashire, Cheshire, and Shropshire, marine shells, of existing species, have been found imbedded in it, and at heights varying from a few feet above the level of the sea to between 500 and 600 feet. The author then entered upon an examination of the condition of the surface at the time the boulders were transported, the agents by which the transport was effected, and the means by which the blocks attained their present relative altitudes. He supposed that the whole of the district occupied by them, with the plains of Worcestershire and Gloucestershire, was under the sea subsequently to the elevation of the adjacent portions of Wales and the Cotteswold hills; but he stated that the theories which have been proposed for transporting the blocks are insufficient to explain fully all the attendant phenomena; while he accounted for their occurrence at various altitudes by supposing an unequal elevation of the land at the time when the strait or estuary in which the blocks had been accumulated, was laid dry.

LITERARY AND LEARNED. UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, Feb. 4th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Doctor in Civil Law.—The Rev. G. Moberly, late Fellow, Balliol College, Head Master of Winchester School.
Masters of Arts.—Rev. D. J. Lewis, Jesus College; Rev. M. Atkinson, Fellow, Lincoln College; Rev. E. M. Stanley, Rev. J. H. Clayton, Worcester College; Rev. W. E. Jeff, Student, Christ Church College; T. W. S. Gracbrook, Brasenose College.
Bachelors of Arts.—J. Farquhar, Jesus College; E. H. Sawbridge, G. Hulme, Balliol College; G. C. Pearson, E. Moore, Christ Church College; J. Bowden, Pembroke College.

CAMBRIDGE, Feb. 2.—The Rev. J. Challis, M.A., Rector of Papworth Everard, was elected Plumian Professor, in the room of Professor Airy, appointed Astronomer Royal, at Greenwich.

Feb. 3d.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Master of Arts.—J. B. Skipper, Emmanuel College.
Licentiates in Physic.—H. Jefferson, Pembroke College; A. R. Brown, Trinity College; C. J. Johnstone, G. Pardoe, G. E. Paget, Fellow, Caius College; J. Barr, Emmanuel College.

Bachelors in Civil Law.—A. Langdon, Rev. H. Heathcote, Trinity College.
Bachelors of Arts.—J. P. Greenly, Trinity College, Dublin, incorporated St. Peter's College; H. T. Morshad, St. Peter's College.

Thomas John Hassey, D.D., Trinity College, Dublin, was admitted *ad eundem*.

The candidates for the office of Public Orator, vacant by the resignation of the Rev. R. Tatham, were the Rev. J. F. Isaacson, B.D. Tutor, St. John's and King's Colleges, and the Rev. C. Wordsworth, M.A., Fellow, Trinity College. These two gentlemen were proposed to the senate; and, after a whole day's polling, the numbers were—For Mr. Wordsworth, 263; for Mr. Isaacson, 168.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

MR. HAMILTON in the chair.—Mr. Planché exhibited an impression from a foreign monastic seal, the matrix of which was lately

found near St. Albans; from its appearance he considered the engraving was not later than the 13th century.—Mr. Kempe observed that Governor Pownall, in describing the vases from the Mosquito Shore (noticed last week), had rather contemptuously rejected the idea of the ancient inhabitants having derived their arts from the Phenicians, and suggested that they obtained them by intercourse with the Spanish invaders of Peru. The latter supposition, however, was completely negated by the forms and appearance of the vessels found in the tombs of the Incas of Peru, where they must have been placed long before the invasion by the Spaniards.—As a sequel to the proclamation by the Regent Murray on the murder of Darnley, lately read, Mr. Kempe communicated a proclamation by Queen Elizabeth, printed by Barker, 1586, declaring the grounds for the execution of Queen Mary. That the commissioners appointed for her trial had fully found that Mary was consenting and a party to Babbington's conspiracy, and had strongly prayed for the execution of the sentence, and that the addresses and representations of both houses of parliament had so pressed for the same object, that Queen Elizabeth was forced to carry the sentence into effect to preserve her own life, and the Protestant religion and government. This proclamation was found among the documents at Loseley, and is shortly mentioned in the Appendix to Mr. Kempe's "Loseley MSS."—Mr. Sidney Smirke exhibited some ancient Norman capitals found, built into the wall, with the carved part inwards, in the late repairs of Westminster Hall. He communicated some curious and interesting remarks on the ancient walls of the hall, their materials and ornaments: the original floor had been discovered several feet below the present; there are no remains of the Norman roof, nor any thing to shew how it was supported, the flying buttresses having been erected long after. He then remarked on some excellent and hitherto unnoticed portions of the present roof, and referred to the contract for its erection, in 1385. Although it was generally believed that the roof of Westminster Hall was the largest in existence without support, Mr. Smirke observed that there were two in Italy somewhat larger.—We last week inadvertently omitted to notice that Mr. Kempe had exhibited a flat earthen bottle, in the possession of J. Newman, Esq. lately found in Eastcheap, precisely similar in size and shape to one of the vessels discovered in Peru.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

ON Saturday last, Sir Alexander Johnston in the chair.—Various donations were laid upon the table.—A letter from Sir George Staunton was read, which accompanied a present of books, and the original credentials of his father (Sir George Leonard Staunton) to the Emperor of Japan, and the King of Cochin China, authenticated under the great seal of England, and the sign manual of King George the Third, and which were intended to have been presented at the courts of Japan and Cochin China immediately after the termination of the mission of the Earl of Macartney to the court of Peking. Sir George stated in his letter, that, the unexpected breaking out of the war with France having rendered it expedient that H.M.S. Lion should return immediately to England for the purpose of giving protection to the homeward-bound China fleet, the project was necessarily abandoned at that time; and the opportunity which was thus unfortunately lost of opening a diplomatic

intercourse between Great Britain and those interesting countries has never since been relieved.—Two letters were also read referring to two Chinese coins presented to the Society by Dr. Montgomerie, of Singapore, and which were found at that place when some excavations for the foundation of a new building were being made. One piece bears the name of Gwan Teek, who reigned in China about A.D. 1100; the other of Kae-Ting (A.D. 1225). Dr. Montgomerie looks upon them as indicative of the wide extent of Chinese commerce in former days.—The reading of a paper was commenced, entitled, "Remarks on the 'Yih-She' (a celebrated historical work of the Chinese), by the Rev. Charles Gutzlaff, of Canton." It appears that the 'Yih-She,' or Explanatory History, is a compilation, comprised in fifty volumes, and was published in the 9th year of Kang-he (A.D. 1670). Thanks were returned to Mr. Gutzlaff for his communication.—Adjourned.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday.

Statistical, 8 P.M.—Institute of British Architects, 8 P.M.—Marylebone Institution, 8½ P.M.

Dr. A. T. Thomson on the Influence of the Mind on the Body in Health and in Disease; and on the 22d.

Russell Institution, 8 P.M.

Mr. Pemberton on the Principal Characters of Shakespeare's Plays—Macbeth.

Tuesday.

Linnæan, 8 P.M.—Horticultural, 8½ P.M.—Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.—Belgrave Institution, 8 P.M.

Mr. W. M. Higgins on Heat; and three succeeding Tuesdays.

Wednesday.

Society of Arts, 7½ P.M.

Thursday.

Royal Society, 8½ P.M.—Antiquaries, 8 P.M.—City of London Artists' and Amateurs' Conversation (Evening).—Islington Literary and Scientific Society, 8 P.M.

C. C. Clarke, Esq. on the Poetry of the Prose Writers; and on the 25th.

Western Literary Institution, 8½ P.M.

Mr. Serle on the Drama, 2d Lecture; and on the ensuing Thursday.

Friday.

Geological, 8½ P.M.; Anniversary, 1 P.M.—Royal Institution, 8½ P.M.

Saturday.

Royal Asiatic Society, 2 P.M.

FINE ARTS.

GRAPHIC SOCIETY.

THE second of these most agreeable conversations took place on Wednesday last at the Thatched House. The zeal of the members has established here the most attractive meetings of artists in London. Those whose turn it was to contribute drawings and sketches covered the tables with beautiful works of art; and many of the amateurs invited also sent valuable folios and drawings. It was very agreeable to the members to find such philosophers seeking gratification there as Mr. Baily, Dr. Faraday, and Mr. Babbage.

Fine Arts, &c.—A select committee of the House of Commons has been appointed, on the motion of Mr. Ewart, to inquire into the best means of extending a knowledge of the arts, and of the principles of design, among the people (and especially the manufacturing population) of the country; and to investigate the constitution, management, and effects of all institutions connected with the arts.

BRITISH GALLERY, Pall Mall.

It is said that "second thoughts are best." We know and feel that a second view of an exhibition is; and we are enabled, this week, to speak more in detail of the works of which we last week expressed our general approbation. We will begin with the contributions by Mr. Turner and Mr. E. Landseer, to which we briefly adverted, and of which we think with increased admiration.

No. 53. *Wreckers on the North Shore*; No. 69, *Fire of the House of Lords*, J. M. W. Turner, R.A.—Awful and sublime evidences of the irresistible power of the two opposite elements. With sufficient of the real to give solidity and truth, there is united a high imaginative quality, that imparts an interest which mere imitation can never excite. The execution is most vigorous and masterly; and such as only Mr. Turner could venture upon. Of the first of these performances, especially, we would say, that we consider it to be one of the most successful efforts of his genius; of the latter, notwithstanding its excellence as a work of art, that it is, perhaps, not advisable further to perpetuate the national calamity which is its subject.

No. 140. *Odin*; No. 10, *Comical Dogs*. Edwin Landseer, R.A.—Mr. Landseer has done more to exalt the character of the dog, not only in form and character, but with reference to the various admirable qualities of the animal, than any artist that ever lived. Of his powers in this department of art, "Odin" is a noble specimen. The dogs of Theseus are his prototypes. He is

"bred out of the Spartan kind,
So fleg'd, so sanded; and his head is hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew."

The "Comical Dogs," although not to be excelled in expression and spirit, inspire us with a feeling of compassion and regret, when we recollect the pain too frequently inflicted on these faithful servants, for the purpose of teaching them even such a trick as smoking a pipe.

No. 61. *King Henry the Eighth's first Interview with Anne Boleyn*. D. M'Clise, A.R.A.—We have hitherto, for the most part, seen the works of this highly-gifted young man through the medium of that exuberant imagination with which his pencil has enriched them. In this performance he appears to no less advantage as a painter of legitimate history. A common-place artist would probably have been induced to throw more of passion and excitement into the countenance and action of the monarch; but, if we read Mr. M'Clise's meaning aright, a train of thought is passing through the mind of Henry, while holding the hand of his future victim, perfectly in accordance with the plans and wishes of the wily cardinal. The subject is, as it ought to be, invested with splendour both in costume and in colour; but otherwise, with appropriate simplicity.

No. 24. *The Antiquary's Cell*. E. W. Cooke.—We have always admired the pencil of this young artist when exercised on shipping, coast scenery, and subjects of that kind. With the same feeling we view him as a painter of still life. The work under our notice would have called forth in Jonathan Oldbuck, or any of his tribe, the exclamation of "prodigious!" To all the varieties thus brought together in "most admired disorder," Mr. Cooke has given a tone of as rich and harmonious colouring as we ever remember to have seen.

No. 19. *La Rose*; in the style of — A. E. Chalon, R.A.—Of whom, Mr. Chalon? We should say of Watteau, whom it much re-

sembles. The beauty of the composition and the gaiety of the expression would do credit to any one.

(To be continued.)

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Highland Hospitality. Drawn by J. F. Lewis; engraved by W. Giller. Hodgson and Graves. Two sportsmen and their dogs; to whom honest Donald, with the warm hospitality which characterises him, is offering the needful refreshments of

"Rest, food, and fire."

The contrast between the simple inmates of the dwelling and their more refined visitors is well preserved. The complacent expression of the traveller who is lighting his cigar at a burning coal, and that of his companion, who is earnestly gazing either at a glass of Glenlivet or at a pretty modest lassie in the background (we do not know which, but we hope, for his credit, that it is the latter); the protection which the boy is affording to his Luath, against the stranger Caesars; the hearty kindness of the gude-mon; the strong interest in the countenance of the gude-wife, with the various appropriate accessories, all under the influence of a powerful and well-managed effect, render this a very attractive composition.

Recollections of the Italian Opera; 1835. By A. E. Chalon, Esq. R.A. Drawn on stone by R. J. Lane, A.R.A. Mitchell.

WE have no artist whose peculiar talents and taste fit him so happily for subjects such as those under our notice as Mr. Chalon. If we have occasionally to complain that his English portraits have somewhat of a foreign air, that defect of his style here becomes a beauty. The brilliant operatic stars of the last season are admirably depicted in six plates; which, however, contain seven figures. We have Grisi, in the operas of *Otello*, *Anna Bolena*, and *I Puritani*; Lablache, in the operas of *Marino Faliero* and *I Puritani*; Rubini, in the opera of *I Puritani*; Tamburini, in the opera of *I Puritani*; and Taglioni, in the ballet of *La Sylphide*. Mr. Lane has done his usual justice to the drawings; and it is altogether an elegant and fascinating publication.

Life of Henry Fitz-Allan, Earl of Arundel, K.G. Written by one of his Chaplains or Servants. Taken from a MS. in the British Museum, and illustrated with Historical Notes, by John Gough Nichols, F.S.A. London, 1836. John Bowyer Nichols and Son.

THIS curious and interesting life of the last of the family of Fitz-Allan, originally communicated in portions, by Mr. Nichols, to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, was published in an entire form in 1834; and is now republished, with a view to its insertion in that beautiful and valuable work, "Lodge's Portraits and Memoirs of the most illustrious Personages of British History."

Sunset. Painted by A. P. Bonington; engraved by C. G. Lewis. Hodgson and Graves. A COAST-SCENE; and as beautiful a little specimen of Bonington as any one could wish to possess. The sky is splendidly engraved.

Facsimiles of Historical and Literary Characters, accompanied by Portraits and Views of Interesting Localities. Engraved and lithographed by, and under the direction of C. J. Smith. No. II. Nichols and Son.

THE second number of this interesting publication contains some remarkable letters from

remarkable men; several of which, as, for instance, those from John Locke, Miles Coverdale, Potter, bishop of Oxford, Bishop Atterbury, and Sir Richard Steele, have, we believe, never been published. Mr. Smith's object has evidently been to select such documents as contain references to the works of the writers, or are in themselves characteristic of the writers. We subjoin Coverdale's letter as a great curiosity. It is from the British Museum.

"Right honorable and my syngular good lorde (after all dewe salutations) I humbly beseeche youre lordshippe, y^e by my lorde electe of hereford (*) I maye knowe youre pleasure concerning the Annotations of this byble, whether I shall procede therein, or no, Pitie it were, y^e the darck places of y^e text (upon y^e which I have allways set a hande (†) shulde so passe undeclared. As for anye pryuate opynion or contentious wordes, as I wyll utterly avoyde all soche, so wyll I offere y^e annotations first to my sayde lorde of hereford, to y^e intent y^e he shall so examen y^e same, afore they be put in prynte, yf it be y^e lordshippes good pleasure, y^e I shall so do, As concerning y^e new Testamēt in english and latyn wherof y^e good lordshippe receaved lately a booke by y^e servant Sebastian y^e Cooke. I beseech y^e L. to consydre y^e grenesse therof which (for lack of tyme) can not as yet be so apte to be bounde as it shulde be; And where as my sayde lorde of Hereford is so good unto us as to conveye thus moch of y^e Byble to y^e good lordshippe, I humbly beseeche y^e same, to be y^e defender and keper thereof: To y^e intent y^e yf these men procede in their cruelties agaynst us and confiscate the rest, yet this at y^e lest maye be safe by y^e meanes of youre lordshippe whom god y^e almighty euermore preserve to his god pleasure, Amen. Written som what hastily, at Parys the XIII daye of Decembre. Y^e L. Humble & faithful servitor

Myles Coverdale.

"To my most syngular good lorde and mastre y^e lorde Cromwell. lorde preveie seale this dely.

"(See Harl. MSS. No 604, Fol. 96.)"

H. B.'s Caricatures.—The continual occurrence of remarkable political circumstances, and the opening of a session of parliament, afford ample matter for the popular and happy talent of H. B. We have four new caricatures before us. No. 421, "A Special Retainer:" the attorney-general in his habit as he lives, looking most dolefully at his wife's coronet in his hand. No. 422, "Eve tempting Adam:" the same, with his lady, in the Garden of Eden (*Strath-Eden*); Lord Melbourne, the serpent-tempter, and the coronet in the fair one's hand, overcoming all her Adam's scruples, who, consequently, "withdraws his resignation, and gives in his submission." No. 423 is a general scene of confusion in the cabinet on the receipt of Sir J. Campbell's resignation. The Premier, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lord John Russell, fainting, Lord Glenelg, just awakened from pleasant repose, and others are humorously grouped, and their countenances express the utmost dismay. No. 424, Burdett as Don Quixote about to liberate the Galley Slaves, is an admirable composition. The Don and Rosinante are exquisite; and O'Connell, with a shiellah, leading Lord Melbourne, Lord John Russell, Mr. Spring Rice, Sir John Hobhouse, and, as the Galley Slaves, handcuffed and connected by a chain, forms one of the best political hits in this diverting series.

* "Edmund Bonner, archdeacon of Leicester, elected bishop of Hereford, November 27th, 1530, but before consecration translated to the see of London."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

LINES FROM THE ARABIC.

"Too much rest is rust;
There's ever cheer in changing:
We time by too much trust,
So we'll be up and ranging." *Old Ballad.*

RISE! flee the dull monotony of home;
Nor fear a friend shall fail where'er you roam:
Go, wend, from clime to clime, your joyous way,
And nature's lore will every toil repay:
Each shifting scene enkindling new delight,
While languor dulls the home-devoted wight.
Change—mid the starry host, or earth below—
Works every good created beings know!
Mark the glad streamlet, freshening as it flows;
The joyless marsh, stagnant in dull repose.
Shone the blest sun one long, eternal day,
Men of each clime would loathe his garish ray;
And yon pale moon, to pensive lovers dear,
Would tire even them, for ever in the sphere;
If ne'er the arrow left the twanging string,
Say, would it reach the mark, or shred the ring?
If still the lion slumbered in his lair,
Would self-doomed victims to his feet repair?
Even gold is worthless while the mine inurns,
And aloe yields no incense till it burns:
For change—in heaven above, and earth below—
Works every good created beings know!

LINES FROM THE PERSIAN OF HAFIZ.

ALAS! that robes so fair,
As beauty and sweet youth,
Should grow the worse for wear,
And look uncouth!

Alas! alas! wo! wo!
That life's clear stream
Should ever cease to flow
With gladsome gleam!

Body and soul must part—
Thus Heaven hath spoken;
Links knitting heart to heart
Must all be broken!

Brothers, howe'er they love,
Must bid adieu:
Bright twinkling twins* above,
All, all, save you!

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

FAERY-LAND!!

WE have received from Germany a great curiosity—a most beautiful *fac-simile* reprint of a very rare old German poem, on the adventures of that droll personage of middle-age superstition, Brother Rush, so well known to our readers in this country, by the old English prose history reprinted by Mr. W. J. Thoms, in his interesting collection of "Early English Prose Romances." The German book is prefaced by a learned dissertation upon its hero, by the editors, Ferdinand Wolf of Vienna, so well known by his dissertation on the French "Romans de Geste," and Stephen Endlicher. We rejoice much in the well-merited compliment which is paid to our countryman, Mr. Thoms, by the dedication to him, in conjunction with two celebrated names—the brothers Grimm, of this curious little book. Our German friends appreciate the legendary lore of the editor of the "Prose Romances," and of the "Lays and Legends," which came to so untimely an end by the ill-management of their publisher; and we have seen the first volume of a German translation of the former of these works.

The "Société de l'Histoire de France" is proceeding spiritedly and judiciously in the task it has undertaken. It chooses good books for

* Two bright stars in Ursa Minor.

publication, and places the care of editing them into good hands. We have just received its first publication, a very interesting chronicle of the expeditions of the Normans into Italy and Sicily during the eleventh century, written originally in Latin, by Amatus, a monk of Monte Cassino, now preserved only in a very old French version, and edited, with numerous learned prolegomena, by M. Champollion-Figeac. It forms a very handsome volume in large octavo, and does great credit to the society which has published it. Their next work will be a new edition of the Ecclesiastical History of Gregory of Tours, also in octavo; and at the same time will be published separately a French translation.

We would willingly see a society like this established in our country. We are sufficiently tired of our Roxburghers, of our Maitland clubs, and our Bannatyne clubs, who squandered money upon gay quartos, to produce some thirty copies of works which are distributed generally amongst the men to whom they are least useful. The establishment and proceedings of the Surtees club gives us better hopes. It does not seem probable that the Record Commission will persevere in its intention of publishing our chronicles—perhaps, indeed, they hardly come within its sphere. We would willingly aid in the formation of a society whose object should be the publication of the old historians and chroniclers, in portable octavo volumes, like those of the Société de l'Histoire de France.

Popular Traditions of the Riesengebirge, (Mount of the Giants, in Silesia.)

Rübezahl.—No. II.

THE Riesengebirge abounds in delicious herbs, from which the most efficacious balms have been at all times made. The inhabitants of the village of Krummhübel still use essences made with these simples; and this will appear less surprising when it is known that those inhabitants are in part descended from the students of Prague, of the famous school of Paracelsus, who were expelled during the war of the Hussites; and who, without doubt, were in possession of useful botanical secrets, the knowledge of which is at the present day neglected. But among the herbs which the Riesengebirge produces, is found one which has become celebrated beyond all in the literature of fable. It is called the yellow balsam, and grows only in a kitchen garden of which Rübezahl has reserved for himself the exclusive enjoyment. A marvellous power is attributed to this herb: the most durable and the most inveterate maladies do not resist it—it serves even to nourish the mind; and Rübezahl permits only a small number of his favourites to gather it.

Once upon a time there was a lady of distinction who resided at Liegnitz. This lady fell dangerously ill: fearing for her life, she sent for a peasant of the mountains, and promised him a large reward if he would bring her a yellow balsam from Rübezahl's garden. Seduced by the temptation of gain, the peasant ventured to undertake the adventure. When he had reached the wild and desert place in which the garden is situated, he perceived the wonderful plant, and, seizing a spade, he prepared to dig it up; but while he was trenching the earth a furious wind suddenly arose, and a voice like thunder sounded in his ears words which he did not comprehend. He rose up quite frightened, and advanced towards the place whence the noise proceeded. Scarcely was he able to resist the wind and keep himself upright. Presently, on the ridge of a rock, he

saw the movement of a gigantic apparition. The phantom had the human form; his long beard hung down to his navel; a large hooked nose gave him a deformed visage; his menacing eyes seemed to dart lightnings; his locks and his cloak floated in the wind of the tempest. In one of his hands was an enormous club full of knots. "What are you about there?" cried this supernatural being to the peasant. The peasant, conquering, like a brave man, the alarm which at first seized him, answered, "I seek the yellow balsam; a sick woman has promised to pay me well for it." "That which you hold you may take away," replied the giant, "but take good care not to come a second time." At these words he brandished his club with a terrible gesture, and disappeared. The peasant pensively descended the mountain, and the lady thought herself happy when she saw herself in possession of the remedy which was to shorten her sufferings. Her illness, in fact, diminished at the sight: nevertheless she did not obtain a complete cure. She again sent for the peasant. "Have you again the courage," said she to him, "to go and seek for me the yellow balsam?" "Madam," answered the peasant, "the lord of the mountain appeared to me the first time in a terrible shape, and forbade me with threats to set my feet again in his garden. I have too much fear of offending him." However, the dame conquered his fear by the promise of a still larger sum than the first; and, for the second time, he determined to penetrate into Rübzahl's domain; but scarcely had he begun to dig up the yellow balsam when a frightful storm again arose, and the figure appeared to him more menacing still than he had seen it on his first journey. The phantom's locks were more disordered; his cloak floated in the air in larger folds; lightnings flashed from his eyes. He cried, with a voice which made the mountain tremble, "What are you about there?" The abysses repeated, "What are you about there?" and when the peasant had answered, "I seek the yellow balsam; a sick woman has promised to pay me well for it," the giant could no longer contain his anger. "Madman! did I not caution you; and you dare return? Now you possess it, save yourself if you can!" At the same instant flames appeared to fall on the criminal, and to burn his face; the powerful club flew round in the air and dashed a rock near him into shivers; the ground trembled under his feet; a frightful clap of thunder assisted to stun him, and he fell down senseless. He did not come to himself until long afterwards—the club had disappeared, the thunder growled less loudly, but he still thought he heard the resounding voice of the spirit, and his limbs were as if they had been broken; however, he grasped the balsam in his hand. At last, soaked with rain, surrounded with thick fogs, shoved here and there by malevolent genii, he crawled from rock to rock all the night and all the following day, without knowing where he was: at length a collier, having found him half dead with fatigue, carried him into his cabin: there he took some repose, and got rid of his fright; after which he hastened to return to Liegnitz. The lady was delighted to see him again with the so much desired plant, and gave him so large a sum of money that he forgot the dangers he had run and went joyfully home. Several weeks elapsed, the dame appeared almost cured, nevertheless she was not so entirely. "If I had a third balsam," said she, "I am well convinced that I should be out of danger." She then sent for the peasant, who at first was unwilling to come. Instigated, however, by some

evil spirit, he at length yielded to the entreaties of the lady. "Here I am, madam," said he, on entering; "what do you want with me? I hope that you do not require me to go a third time for the balsam. Heaven keep me from doing so! I had a great deal of difficulty to get back safe and sound from my last journey; I tremble yet when I think of it." The lady then conjured him in the most pressing manner again to brave for her the dangers which, hitherto, had caused him but a passing terror. She promised him great riches, and offered him a magnificent farm. In short, she so completely dazzled the rash peasant, that he swore, although it should cost him his life, to go for the last time to pull a balsam in the enchanted garden. "If I come back from it," thought he to himself, "I shall be rich, and I may pass the rest of my days in joy and abundance." He re-entered his house making these reflections; nevertheless, he did not again dare to undertake the perilous voyage alone. "My dear boy," said he to the eldest of his children, "I must go to the chapel which is at the summit of the mountain; you will accompany me." They set off together; the more they advanced the more the defiles became narrow, and the mountain barren. When they arrived on the banks of a lake which spread calmly and darkly between two precipitous rocks, the father fell into a profound reverie: there was something in his unquiet looks so strange that his son involuntarily trembled. "What is the matter with you, father?" he asked. The father remained silent. They continued to climb the sides of the mountain, and when they were near the garden the father said, "Evil spirits have misled me from my earliest youth, and, therefore, I have always aspired to the possession of great riches. I have never had the fear of God, I have never had pity for men; I have led a wild and irregular life, not giving myself the trouble to set good examples, which is the duty of a father; I am now called by hell, for I must rob the lord of the mountain of the yellow balsam, and the lord of the mountain will destroy me." The son began to weep. "Father!" he exclaimed, "renounce your project—return to the house—God is merciful."

Wild, however, with despair, the father had already seized the spade and set to work; in an instant all the elements appeared to be confounded together, the winds were unchained, the clouds burst, the brooks were changed into impetuous torrents, groans issued from all the plants in the garden; the mountain opened, and from its crest descended, in the midst of the hurricane, a giant of a prodigious size, holding in his hand an immense club: he took the peasant and hurled him into the air; an enormous rock fell down and covered him with its ruins. The son heard the moans of his father, which gradually became weaker. For a long time he remained astounded on the place; at last, the sky clearing up, he rose, and, thoroughly frightened, sought the chapel in order to recommend himself to God.

At the moment at which the peasant became no more, the lady of Liegnitz, who had appeared to be almost entirely recovered, suddenly died.—*Revue des Etats du Nord.*

MUSIC.

VOCAL SOCIETY.

REGARDING this institution as one of the most powerful engines now at work in promoting the cause of good music *versus* empty noise, we hail with pleasure the auspicious commencement of its fourth season. This pleasure is, to confess

the truth, not entirely unmixed with a little pride and self-gratulation, as we not only volunteered a kind of sponsorship to the society on its first establishment, but have ever since, by a regular and faithful report of its performances, laboured in our vocation to promote its success. The concert of Monday week gave us no cause to repent of the course we have adopted, the majority of the pieces being of sterling worth, and the performance, as usual, excellent. The first madrigal, "Sister, awake!" by Bateson, 1601, was new to the audience, who, by their animated applause and calls for repetition, shewed a decided inclination, in which we heartily concurred, to be better acquainted with it. The chorus from Weber's *Euryanthe*, with an English translation by Mr. E. Taylor, was delightful in every way; and the duet for flute and clarinet, between Nicholson and Willman, (which concluded the first part of the concert), suspended every breath, and, at its close, set every hand in motion. The treble solo with which the "Gloria" of Haydn's Third Mass opens, is so familiar and undignified in style, that the ear is little prepared by it for the beautiful train of musical thought which follows. The second movement, commencing with the bass solo, "Qui tollis" (by the way, Mozart must have been thinking of this when he wrote his "Tuba mirum," in the *Requiem*), is by turns noble, pathetic, and sublime; and Mr. E. Taylor executes his share of it in the manner of one who understands and enters fully into the beauty of the composition. Miss Woodyatt sang "Recollection," the most exquisitely touching of all Haydn's canzonets, with very commendable simplicity. In the higher notes of the concerted pieces she was a little flat; but this, appearing to proceed from nervous timidity, we pass over as a defect that more courage will infallibly rectify. On another point, we, in all kindness and good-will to Miss Woodyatt, feel inclined to dwell more particularly. The sweet tone and clear articulation, which were formerly among her chief excellences, are now in danger of being destroyed by a habit, recently contracted, of singing in the head, and occasionally in the throat too. A little watchfulness, and a determination against forcing her voice, which is naturally sweet, but not naturally powerful, will no doubt restore her purity of tone. A glee by Paxton, "How sweet, how fresh this vernal day!" was most charmingly sung by Messrs. Hawkins, Hobbs, Fitzwilliam, and Bradbury, and well merited the unanimous *encore* which greeted it. Mr. Balfé selected, for the display of his powers, a *bravura* by Mercadante, containing some good points and much commonplace, after the usual fashion of the modern Italian school. We regretted that Mr. Balfé's vocal skill and energy should not have been more worthily employed. Miss Hawes, though possessed of only limited powers of voice, is a very well instructed singer, and therefore a most useful member of the society. We reckon ourselves among the warmest admirers of Bishop's good things; but we could not discern, in the song and glee of his composition which were performed on Monday night, (aided, too, as they were, by the talents of Mrs. Bishop,) that stamp of genius which is impressed on so many of his early productions. Wilbye's delightful madrigal, "Flora gave me fairest flowers," had full justice done it; and the *finale* of the concert, a chorus from Handel's *Giulio Cesare*, proved attractive enough to detain a large proportion of the audience to its last echo. Q.

HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS.

Two pieces of sacred music, the compositions of Mr. G. Perry, organist of Quebec Chapel, were performed at these rooms on Wednesday night. The first piece, *Belshazzar's Feast*, a "sacred cantata," or sort of *petite oratorio*, appeared to us to be overlaid with recitative; and the more so, perhaps, from the circumstance of the total inability of the vocal performers engaged, with the exception of Mr. Leoni Lee, of giving to that species of musical declamation the mental and physical force necessary to produce the effect desired in this style of singing. The manner in which Mr. Lee delivered the words,

"God hath numbered thy kingdom,
And 'tis finished!"

was sufficient to shew us that that gentleman overlooks not the mind of his music. The *Fall of Jerusalem* is replete with delightful spirit-stirring choruses; and it is a matter of reproach, that such an intellectual composition should never have been produced at our metropolitan theatres. Mr. Perry is a composer of no mean order. Let him trust more to his own imagination, and not adhere too strictly to the dogmas of his musical forefathers—vary more the character of his fugues, and we predict he will establish a high reputation for himself. It is but due to the orchestra and chorus department to say that each acquitted themselves admirably throughout the night.

Mr. Eliason's *Second Concert*, on Wednesday, was fully and fashionably attended. The entertainments were generally of a superior order; and a new violin fantasia, "*Le Delizie della Campagna*," by Mr. Eliason himself, was greatly and deservedly applauded.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

T. Goodban's *Rudiments of Music*. D'Almeida and Co.; Longman and Co.

A NEW edition of this useful elementary work demands our very favourable notice. Mr. Goodban's system is one excellently adapted to lead the learner on from ignorance to an adequate knowledge of music, and the young player to become an able performer. The exercises are judicious, the definitions and explanations simple, and the whole well calculated for the purposes of education under every form, whether public or private.

DRAMA.

Drury Lane.—The lovers of the drama have this week had a high treat set before them in the *Provost of Bruges*, a tragedy of very considerable literary and poetical merit; but more distinguished by the splendid performance of the principal character by Macready. As the *Provost of Bruges* he has tasked his powers to their full development, and the portrait is, consequently, one of striking talent and extraordinary effect. It melts and burns alternately, till at last overwhelming calamity closes it in a burst of such appalling misery as sends

"The hearers weeping to their beds."

We do not now enter upon the details: and have only room to add, that his daughter (Miss E. Tree); *Bouchard*, his son-in-law, (Cooper); *Thancmar*, his bitter foe; and an ancient agent (Meadows), upon whose disclosure the plot hinges, are all played in the best style and worthy of the better times of the drama. The tragedy was eminently successful. The *Vol-au-vent* introduced a posture and puppet-show family, called the *Ravels*, whose acting is exceedingly clever of its

sort. *Frolics in Forty-five*, a comic extravaganza, was condemned on the first night. Such pieces are Scyllas for authors; for audiences often take offence, and will not hear them out, a degree of patience absolutely necessary in order to know what humour an "extravaganza" really possesses.

Covent Garden gives us no variety till tonight, when a new drama, called *Sigismund Augustus*, from the pen of Capt. Addison, is to be brought out for the benefit of the Polish refugees.

Adelphi.—*Rienzi* has been adapted (such is the phrase) for this theatre; but we presume that Greeks would succeed better than Romans there, and the latter are very indifferent.

St. James's.—*Fra Diavolo*, with Braham, Miss P. Horton, and Bennett, is a powerful attraction here. The pieces now performing are of the right kind for an elegant theatre, and refined and judicious auditories. Stick to St. James! and leave St. Giles to others. We are charmed to see Miss Horton take the proud station we first and long since assigned to her various talents.

VARIETIES.

Hume-ous Pun.—A member of the Garrick Club expressed his great regret that Sir John Gibbons had resorted to legal measures against Mr. Hume, instead of posting him in the gentlemanly fashion. "For, if he had done that," said he, "he would have enjoyed what no living man can be said to have enjoyed—a *Post-Hume-ous* reputation."

New Houses of Parliament.—The highest premium for the most approved Design for the new Houses of Parliament, viz. 1500*l.*, has been awarded to the drawing of Mr. C. Barry, and three other premiums, of 500*l.* each, to Mr. J. C. Buckle, Mr. David Hamilton, and Mr. William Railton.

Loan and Foreign Society.—A new and benevolent Institution is in the progress of formation under this title. One of its objects, we understand, will be to advance loans to parties oppressed by temporary difficulties, and with whom good securities are not availing in the common commercial and money markets. How many worthy men and their families have perished from the want of such aid!

Mr. Schloss has made a new and improved issue of his miniature *English Bijou Almanacks*, which, as Moore's song says, are

"Something more exquisite still."

Indeed, we never saw such minute and elegant curiosities in literature and the arts. Like the King of Denmark's "picture in little," they are worth more than big productions, and we are sure will be more sought after as holiday presents. Why, a copy might be sent under the waxen seal of a letter, without provoking the lynx-eyed acuteness of the post-office! One beautifully set and enclosed in chased gold, destined, we believe, for the gifted writer of the poetry it contains, was shewn last night at the Royal Institution, and greatly admired.

Lord Melbourne has granted a pension of 1500*l.* per annum to Mr. Benjamin Thorpe, the learned translator of "*Rask's Anglo-Saxon Grammar*," and "*Cædmon's Metrical Paraphrase*."—*Ben's Literary Advertiser*.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Literature and the Fine Arts in France.—During the year 1835, there were published in France 6700 works in French, German, English, Spanish, Italian, Portuguese, Latin, and Greek. The number of engravings and lithographs amounted to 1049; and there were also published 250 works on music.—*Ben's List*.

Mr. Bagster intends to publish an accurate reprint of

the translation of the New Testament made by William Tyndale, in the reign of Henry VIII., the first edition being published in 1534. The rare copy from which this edition will be printed is considered to be the only perfect copy now in existence, and belongs to the museum of Bristol College. George Offor, Esq. is preparing a concise memoir of Tyndale, to precede the Testament, in which will be found some new and very extraordinary circumstances and papers, which have not yet met the public eye.—*Ibid.*

The ninth and tenth portions of Mr. Heber's library are to be sold during the spring, embracing the Hodnet library. Mr. Heber always considered his library at Hodnet to be the most distinguished portion of his collections, not only on account of the rarity of the volumes it contains, but from their fine state of preservation, the greater portion being in their original and beautiful bindings.—*Ibid.*

A prospectus has been issued at Halifax, N.S., of a new work, entitled *Remarks on the Geology and Mineralogy of Nova Scotia*, by Abraham Gesner, Esq.—*Ibid.*

By a letter lately received from Rome, it appears that the Barberini Library is closed for an indefinite period, in consequence of spoliation committed by an under-keeper, who has sold some of its choicest MSS., and is now in prison.—*Ibid.*

A Life of Clarendon may shortly be expected, written under peculiar advantages, by Thomas Henry Lister, Esq. who married Theresa Villiers, niece of the present Earl of Clarendon, and descended, in the female line, from Edward Hyde.—*Memoire of Sir William Temple*.

In the Press.

Outlines to Shakespeare's Tempest, with appropriate Versions in Four Languages, similar to Retsch's *Macbeth*, &c.—By Mr. Hansard, author of "*Trout and Salmon Fishing in Wales*," a work on *Archery*, with many illustrations by eminent artists.—*Chesterfield Modernised*; a *Mirror of Etiquette*, &c. By a Member of the Beefsteak Club. With illustrations.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Memoirs of the Life, Works, and Correspondence of Sir Wm. Temple, Part, by the Rt. Hon. T. P. Courtenay, 2 vols. 8vo. 28*s.* bds.—*Practical Observations on Midwifery*, by Jas. Hamilton, Part I. 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.* bds.—*The School Boy*, a Poem, by Thos. Maude, M.A. post 8vo. 4*s.* cloth.—*A Manual of the Figures of Rhetoric*, by L. Langley, 18mo. 2*s.* cloth.—*A Complete Latin-English Dictionary*, chiefly from the German, by the Rev. J. E. Riddle, M.A. 8vo. 21*s.* cloth.—*Artisans and Machinery: the Moral and Physical Condition of the Manufacturing Population*, by P. Gaskell, Esq. 8vo. 6*s.* cloth.—*Prophecy and its Fulfillment*, by the Rev. B. Boucher, M.A. 18mo. 1*s.* 6*d.* cloth.—*An Epitome of Niebuhr's History of Rome*, by Travers Twiss, 8vo. 12*s.* cloth.—*Collection of Pictures of W. G. Coesvelt, Esq. of London*, imp. 4to. 4*s.* cloth.—*Chapters of Contemporary History*, by Sir John Walsh, 8vo. 5*s.* bds.—*Six Months of a Newfoundland Missionary's Journal*, from Feb. to August, 1835, by Archdeacon Wix, post 8vo. 6*s.* bds.—*Evenings Abroad*, by the Author of "*Sketches of Corfu*," post 8vo. 9*s.* cloth.—*Comparative View of the English Racer and Saddle Horse*, 18 plates, 4to. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* bds.—*The Messiah*, a Poem, by the Rev. Robert Montgomery, 5th ed. post 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.* cloth.—*Truth Vindicated*, 2d ed. 12mo. 4*s.* 6*d.* bds.—*Compendium of Logic*, by the Rev. John Wesley, with Notes, by T. Jackson, 18mo. 2*s.* 6*d.* cloth.—*Tredgold's Principles of Warming and Ventilating*, 3d ed. 8vo. 12*s.* cloth.—*Letter to T. Moore, Esq. by H. J. Monck Mason, on Primitive Christianity in Ireland*, 12mo. 3*s.* bds.—*Practical Reflections on the Second Advent*, by the Rev. Hugh White (of Dublin), 12mo. 5*s.* 6*d.* bds.—*The Kingdonian Poems*, 12mo. 8*s.* bds.—*Obstetric Tables*, by G. Spratt, Part II. 4to. 24*s.* bds.—*Sweet's Family Prayers*, new edit. 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.* cloth.—*Archbold's Municipal Corporation Act*, 5th and 6th William IV., compared with the Roll, 12mo. 6*s.* bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1836.

February.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 4	From 31 to 39	29.65 to 30.01
Friday... 5	31 to 39	30.09 to 30.05
Saturday... 6	28 to 39	29.91 to 29.90
Sunday... 7	33 to 48	29.73 to 29.85
Monday... 8	30 to 49	29.68 to 29.63
Tuesday... 9	41 to 51	29.84 to 29.95
Wednesday 10	43 to 50	29.97 to 29.72

Prevailing winds, N.E. and S.W. Except the 6th, generally cloudy, with frequent showers of rain. Rain fallen, .55 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.
Latitude... 51° 37' 32" N.
Longitude... 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. H. is thanked; but his poem, though feeling, cannot find a place.

Several reports of learned and scientific bodies are postponed, their present activity being rather onerous on our columns.

We are looking attentively at the encroachments making towards the injury of St. Martin's portico; but wished the works to be more advanced before we resumed the subject.

ERRATA.—In our review of the Great Roll of the Exchequer, p. 86, col. 2, for "*Goeptrie of Noepatrie of Newcastle*," read *Gospatrie of Newcastle*.

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will be open to Artists to suggest any other. The 1st of Sep-
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BENJAMIN PERREY, Honorary Secretary.
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